THE DOUBTFUL HEIR.

A Tragi-comedie,

AS
It was Acted at the private House
IN
BLACK-FRIERS,

WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.
1652.

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To the moſt worthily honored Sir *Edmund Bowier*.

SIR,

MAny years are vaniſhed, and a period, not onely of the Scene, but more conſiderable revolutions have paſs'd, ſince I had the happineſs to be firſt known to you. I read excellent Characters of you, when you writ but a ſmall Letter, and though my obſervations, like ſeeds, were not cheriſhed (by the fault of time) to a maturity, yet they begat in me ſuch great reſpect to your perſon, then budding with honour, and expectation, that now after ſo long abſence, I find them not extinguiſhed; and howſoever at the firſt complexion, I may appear bold, in this haſty interruption, yet your candour will be ſo far in my

defence, that I have presumed thus, rather to let you know I can still honour you, than unsatisfie my self, by neglecting the first opportunity of presenting my service. Sir, it is a piece, which perhaps you have seen in the active representment; the estimation it gained from thence, will be short of that grace it shall derive from your acceptance, by which you will shew, how still you dare retain your nobleness, and by renewing your smile upon me, encourage me to write my self

Your humble Servant,

JA. SHIRLEY.

Prologue.

Prologue.

ALl that the Prologue comes for, is to ſay,
Our Author did not calculate this Play
For this Meridian; the Banckſide, he knows,
Are far more skilfull at the Ebbes and flows
Of water, than of wit, he did not mean
For the elevation of your poles, this ſcene.
No ſhews, no dance, and what you moſt delight in,
Grave underſtanders, here's no target fighting
Upon the Stage, all work for Cutlers barr'd,
No bawdery, nor no Ballets; this goes hard;
But language clean, and what affects you not,
Without impoſsibilities the Plot;
No clown, no ſquibs, no Devill in't; oh now
You Squirrels that want Nuts, what will you do?
Pray do not crack the benches; and we may
Hereafter fit your Palats with a Play:
But you that can contract your ſelves, and ſit
As you were now in the Black-Fryers *pit;*
And will not deaf us, with leud noiſe and tongues,
Becauſe we have no Heart to break our Lungs,
Will pardon our vaſt Stage, and not diſgrace
This Play, meant for your perſons, not the place.

THE

The Persons of the Play.

Leonario, *Prince of* Arragon.
Ferdinand, *King of* Murcia.
Rodriguez, } *Noblemen.*
Ernesto, }
Leandro, }
Alfonso, *Father to* Rosania.
Olivia, *supposed Queen of* Murcia.
Rosania, Alfonso's, *Daughter.*
Violinda.
Captain.
Citizens.
Courtier.
Officers.
Souldiers.

Scene *Murcia.*

THE

THE DOVBTFVLL HEIR.

ACT. I.

Enter Rodriguez and Erneſto.

Rod. THis turn was not expected, Prince *Leo-*
Is much perplext. (*naria*
Ern. I cannot blame his Highneſs,
So neer an expectation of a bleſſing,
To be thus croſt.
Rod. The Day of Marriage ſet,
With the applauſive Vote of both the Kingdoms,
By an unlookt for War to be put of,
Would vex a royall ſpleen.
Er. 'Tis but deferr'd.
Rod. I doe not like the hope on't.
Er. I pittie
The Princely lover, worthy (without blemiſh
To the excelling virtues of the Queen)
Of as much goodneſs as her ſex contains,
So Noble in his Nature, Active, bountifull
Diſcreet, and valiant, if we may believe
What his young fame profers to every knowledge.
Rod. This character is not flattery, and yet
The Queen our Miſtriſs is not loſt in this

Juſt praiſe of him.

Er. I have no thought ſo Impious,
My dutie never taught me to commend
But to obey, her Virgin ſweetneſs makes me
Her juſt admirer but when I obſerve
Her prudent manage of the State, a ſtrength
Would become many years, her pious Laws,
But that without example, made to advance
Her ſexes Chaſtitie, I forget all
Beſide worth praiſe, though every leaſt of her
Deſert would ask a volume. 'Tis his Excellence.

Enter Leonario, Captain.

Rod. Ther's one not ſorry for theſe Wars.

Er. 'Tis his
Profeſſion; Souldiers batten in a Tempeſt.

Rod. And he deſerves employment; yet I think
Hee'l never purchaſe with his pay.

Leo. Be confident;
Your worth will plead alone; the Queen expects me.

Ex. Leon.

Capt. Your Highneſs humble creature;—ſo, ther's hope
After a time of eaſe, and ſurfet, we (yet
May cure our ſelves by letting others Bloud.
My Noble Lords.

Erneſt. 'Morrow Captain, you look blith, and bright.

Capt. I'l put my Sword to ſcowring that ſhall ſhine.
I thank Heaven my prayers are heard.

Rod. What prayers?

Cap. That honeſt men may cut knaves throats, and bid
Defiance to the Hangman; Muſk, and Civet
Have too long ſtifled us, ther's no recovery
Without the ſmell of Gunpowder.

Enter two Citizens.

Er. But Captain——

1 *C.* 'Tis he, we muſt not loſe him,

2 *C.* He has credit with the Lords it ſeems.

1 *C.* He has ſpied us.

Capt.

Capt. My honeſt friends, welcome to Court. My Lords
Pray grace theſe honeſt Gentlemen, they will
Deſerve to kiſs your Hands.
1 *C.* Our buſineſs
Is to you Captain. (come for?
Capt. Doe you think what theſe brace of Baboons
Rod. Not I.
Capt. By this day for mony, moneys that I owe 'em.
Er. Is't poſſible?
Capt. I ha' mov'd your ſute Gentlemen. 1 *C.* What ſute?
Capt. Touching the Maſque. Which you two in the
Of the whole City, offer'd to preſent (name
At the Town charges to congratulate
The Queens intended Marriage; I know
This Egge was long a hatching and expected,
But that your Heads could not agree, they being
Of ſeverall ſizes, ſome upon the ſhoulders
Of your long-winded Officers, whoſe purſe
Was made of the Leather with their conſcience.
1 *Ci.* Does he talk to us of a Maſque?
2 *Ci.* Good Captain put your Maſque off, and give us
The money that you owe us.
Capt. Was't not meant nobly?
But you my good Lords know how much
The Queen and Prince are ſorry, that ſo rare
A Preſident of their duty ſhould not be
Upon record; this villanous War diſtracts
All civill mirth, but you will be remembred.
1 *Ci.* We know not what you mean, we have no anticks
In agitation; if your Captain-ſhip
Will pay your debts, ſo; there is Law and courſes
To be taken, and you will find that Juſtice
Can deal Sir with the Sword as well as Ballance.
Capt. The Puppys talk Philoſophy; nay then
I muſt be plain, would I could tice 'em to
A little treaſon, they'l ne'r hang for felony.

Why, whither doe you think I am going now?

1 *Cit.* We care not whither ſo you pay us firſt.

Capt. Let their own Fathers ſwing, ſo they have mony.

2 *Cit.* May be you are going to the Wars.

Capt. Yes Mongrels,
To fight for your chamlet Faces, while you ſtay at home
And catch the cramp with telling mony,
Putting your Guts to Penſion every Day,
And roots, untill the wind cry out agen you,
And with your belching backwards ſtifle Men
That walk the Street, untill the Air be purg'd;
Muſt we Eat Bullets without Butter, Whelps?
Have our Throats cut, or drop like Sheep by'th' hundred,
O' the rot, to buy your Peace, you boding Screechowls?
And ha' your conſciences ſo courſe a Nap
To aske money of us?

1 *Cit.* You had the conſcience
To take up our commodities.

Capt. Reaſon good;
Should I goe naked leeches?

2 *Cit.* No, but there is reaſon
That you ſhould pay, good Captain, for your warmth.

Capt. Pay you? for what? for Cloaths, ſuch things (as theſe?
Your tribe is bound to keep us.

1 *Cit.* How?

Capt. Yes, and deſire us to accept your wares,
To recompence our ſufferings; 'tis we,
'Tis we that keep your Worſhips warm and living,
By Marching, Faſting, Fighting, and a thouſand
Dangers, (you o'r grown moths) you that love gold,
And wo'not take an Angell ſent from Heaven
Unleſs you weigh him, you that ſpend the Day
In looking o'r your debt -- Book, and at Night
Can lap and lecher in your Feather Beds.
Then ſnort, and dream of fourſcore in the hundred,

Afraid of nothing but the Gout, or what
Is a more juſt reward for your hard hearts
The ſtone, which puts you to the charge of Phyſick
To make you piſs out your laſt Uſurers Gallon,
Or of a Surgeon, to cut you for
The Pibles, which (if you ſurvive Inciſſion)
You keep in penny Boxes, like deer reliques,
And ſhew your friends, when you intend to viſit 'em.
And beg a Dinner.

Er. Let not paſſion
Make you too much abuſe their qulaity;
The City does contain brave fellows Captain,
As generous, as bountifull, diſcreet,
And valiant too, as any boaſt themſelves
In Court or Camp.

Cap. I grant you my good Lord,
And honour all the Noble ſouls within it,
But theſe are walking ſickneſſes, not Citizens;
Two ſuch prodigious things with crooked conſciences,
Though Young, yet Old in Uſury——

2 *Cit.* All this Captain
Wo'not pay us our money, which we muſt
Have, or Petition for to your diſgrace.

Cap. Well, ſince there is no remedy, will you take
Theſe two Noblemens words for what I owe you?

1 *Cit.* Withall our Hearts.

Rod. That bargain is to make.

Er. Good Captain, at this time you may excuſe us,

Capt. Why, doe your Lordſhips think I'd let you ſuffer,
Come, y'ar my honourable friends; paſs, paſs
Your word, Ile pay the mony; hang 'em dottrels
Ile not be beholding to 'em.

Rod. We had rather you ſhould good Captain.

Capt. No,--- come hither Capons
Will money content you; ſhall I walk the Street
Without a Head ake, with your bawling for

The debt when I ha' paid you?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis but reaſon.

Capt. I'l fetch you money preſently —you may follow
If you pleaſe, but theſe Noblemen ſhall ſee
And witneſs what I pay you, I'l not truſt
Your *Memorandums.*

1 *Cit.* Withall our Hearts Sir.

2 *Cit.* We deſire no more.

Capt. I'l wait on you again. [*Ex. Manent*

Enter Leandro, reading a Paper. [*Rod. Erneſto.*

Rod. Fortune de la guerre.
My Lord *Leandro*? what papers that
He ſo intentively peruſes?

Lean. I like it. and could willingly allow
The change; the Queen grows mighty in her ſpirit,
And this match with the Prince, would ſwell her State
Too much; my Lords. *Rod.* We are yours.

Leand. See what dangerous Papers have been ſcatter'd
To wound the Title of our Royall Miſtriſs;
My ſervant brought me this; our Enemie
Who calls himſelf Prince *Ferdinand* would fain
Have us believe him Coſen to the Queen,
She an uſurper of his Crown.

Er. We all know him dead.

Rod. I'm ſure I did attend his Funerall.

Lean. I think I waited too.

Er. This paper ſayes he was conveyd away,
And ſo eſcap'd his Uncles cruelty,
To whoſe protection he was left an Infant;
He dying, we tranſlated our obedience
To his Daughter, now our Queen.

Rod. Here's an Impoſtor.

Leand. Heaven aid the Innocent ſay I; he has
Valentias aid and comes not to Invite
But force a reſignation; I wiſh things
Were calm again.

Er.

Er. Prince *Leonario* if ſhe proſper not,
Is like to be a loſer too.
Leand. For him
It matters not, we have more to think on now,
Than love and complement.
Rod. I thought he would be Generall
'Gainſt this pretended *Ferdinand.*
Leand. What elſe?
Her ſweet Heart, that gives *Cupid* in his creſt.
Alas! there needs no art, nor ſtrength of War
To advance her cauſe. Juſtice will fight for her
I'th' Clouds, and victory ſent from Heaven, without
Her ſouldiers ſweat, will glorioufly deſcend
To Crown his Head with Laurell.
Er. May it prove ſo.
Leand. I could ſay things would ſtagger your belief,
But I forgot the Queen ſent for me; to
You both a ſervant—— *Exit.*
Er. I do not like my Lord *Leandros* winding,
He has been faithfull.
Rod. Alwaies honourable. The Queen.
Enter Queen, Leonario, Captain, Leandro, Violinda, Attendants, Ladies, Gentlemen.
Leon. I take this as the greateſt honour Madam
You could confer; my name is young in War,
But my affection to your royall perſon,
Arm'd with the virtue of your cauſe, ſhall make me
Doe ſomething worth your name.
Que. 'Twas your requeſt,
Nor could we place our chief command, but where
'Tis equald with your Intereſt in us
And your own merit.
Leon. Sure my Stars did mean
This way to make you know, how much my heart
Dares in your ſervice; and if *Ferdinand,*
For ſo he calls himſelf, poſſeſs a ſoul

Above the vulgar making, we ſhall ſpare
The Blood of many, and conclude the War
In ſingle oppoſition.
Leond. With your Highneſs pardon,
It not becomes you ſhould Engage your Perſon,
And ſo great a cauſe ſo dangerouſly;
It will be too much honor to th' Impoſtor,
And in the ſuppoſition of the World,
A ſtrength to his pretence, to bring your Birth
So low, to humble both your ſelf and fortunes
To his unworthy Levell, a thing grown
Up in the Night, a Meteor hanging in
The Air, prodigiouſly, fed with vapor, and
Black Influence, ambitious to deceive
The World, and challenge kindred with the Stars;
It is too great a venture Sir.
Er. Since there muſt be a War
Let the armies meet in Battail, theres more hope
After the worſt to reinforce and proſper,
Than when the kingdoms put upon one ſtake,
And one Mans chance to aſſure it.
Que. I allow
Your Counſell Lords; but have more argument
Convincing me, not to run ſuch a hazard
Of what muſt make *Olivia* rich hereafter;
A kingdoms loſs may be repair'd, but your
Life made a Sacrifice to tyrant War,
May find a welcome to the other ſhades,
But no tears can Invite you back, to ſhare,
Or grief, or Joy with me; Ile have no Duell.
Leon. 'Tis a command, and my obedience
Shall meet it, though I fear 'twill be a ſin
To be too carefull of my ſelf, but I
Shall ſtill remember I am your Souldier,
And this conſider'd ſhall not make me raſh,
But wiſely teach me to deſerve this title

Which lives but in your honour.
Que. I'l pray for you,
And not ſo much for what concerns the State,
As what your merit hath already gain'd
Upon my Heart.
Rod. Bleſſings upon 'em both,
A curſe upon theſe Wars, that ſpoil their mirth.
Que. My Lord *Leandro*.
Leon. Ther's your Commiſſion Captain. I ſuppoſe
You have found wayes to empty your Exchequer.
Capt. My Baggs are not brimfull my Lord, I have
Defalk'd, and made an ebbe for Wine, and Women,
And other things that keep poor men alive
To doe their country ſervice.
Leon. Pleaſe you walk
With this Gentleman Captain, he ſhall pay you
Five hundred pieces that I owe you.
Capt. Me, your Grace owes me nothing,
Leon. I could not pay the debt in better time Sir.
Capt. Umh! I will take the mony, and allow the miracle.
Ex. Capt. & Gent.
Er. Did you obſerve the Princes nobleneſs?
Although the act become him, Yet the manner
Takes me eſpecially, Heaven preſerve the Captain
From being Mad.
Leon. I proſper in your Vote,
But ſhall I Madam, if that power, which Crowns
With victory guides me with fair ſucceſs
In this your War, and triumph ſmile upon us,
Shall I at my return have that reward
My ſoul next Heaven affects? ſhall no delay
(Colder than Froſt to lovers blood,) afflict
My expectation of our Marriage?
Although to doubt this be a ſin, yet where
The ambition is ſo Juſt, I ſhall but right
My Heart, to have it oft aſſur'd, nor can
It make your eye leſs rich in ſmiles, when 'tis Only

Only my love Encourages me to make
The buſie harmleſs queſtion.
Que. It does pleaſe me,
Nor can you ask ſo often, as I have
A cheerfulneſs to anſwer, that I love you,
And have propounded nothing dearer to me,
Than that which perfects chaſt affection,
And chains two Hearts; the Prieſt with ſadneſs will
Expect you ſafe agen. but from this War
When you return, he ſhall not in his Regiſter
Of Lovers, find one, with more wing hath met
The boſom of her friend, than glad *Olivia*
To make one ſoul with you.
Leon. I have enough,
And thirſt for action in the Field, from whence
I will bring Harveſt home, or leave my ſelf,
Happy in life or death to doe you ſervice.
Ex. Queen, Leon. Lean. Ladies, attendants.
Rod. Well, I'm afraid if *Hymen* ſhould ſet up
His Tapers now, they would not laſt to light
His Prieſt, at their return to ſay his Office.
Er. Hope fairly.
Rod. I allow his ſpirit, but
The Prince hath not been practis'd in
The School of War, where ſtratagems prevail
Above all perſonall reſolution.
Er. He cannot want fit counſell to direct
His early valour, beſides
Ferdinand by computation as young as he
Enter Captain, two Citizens, and a Souldier.
May poize the ſcale. See, the Captain.
1 *Cit.* We alwaies thought you Noble, and we hope
You'l take no offence, that our occaſions
Prevail'd above our modeſtie.
Capt. I know
You two are very modeſt; well I'm glad

am furniſh'd for you: my good Lords I muſt
Intreat you to be witneſſes of what money
I pay theſe Gentlemen, that have truſted me.
2 *Cit.* And will agen; command our Shops.
Capt. No, ſit there, and ſtarve,
Or if you like it better take a ſwing
At your own ſign Poſt.
Er. Good words Captain. (much.
Capt. They expect good money, and both good are too
1 *Cit.* We alwaies lov'd you.
2 *Cit.* And doe ſo ſtill moſt virtuouſly.
Capt. It does appear,
1 *Cit.* And you ſhall find us ready—
Capt. I'l make but one fair motion, it will be
Sufficient tryall of your honeſtie;
I have five hundred pounds, you ſee me tell it,
Faith make it up a thouſand 'twixt you both
Till I come back, you will be Aldermen.
1 *Cit.* Ne'r a whit the ſooner.
2 *Cit.* Alas Sir, if it were at another time —
1 *Cit.* Hereafter, upon good occaſion you ſhall find—
Capt. You both i'th' Pillorie, for ſelling Copper
Lace by a wrong name; well ther's no remedy,
I'l keep my word; the money's ready for you.
1 *Cit.* You are noble Captain.
2 *Cit.* May you kill all the Queens Enemies.
Capt. You would not ſcape,
That Coſen her liege people every day, then. (nably.
2 *Cit.* This payment Captain will come moſt ſeaſo-
1 *Cit.* And doe us as much good, as you had given us
The ſum twice told, another time.
Capt. Before
Theſe Noblemen, have you ſuch want
As you profeſs? you have no Wives nor Children.
1 *Cit.* I proteſt upon my credit, I am to pay
This day two hundred pound, or be indanger'd
To an arreſt. 2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* And I must goe to Prison
If before Sun-set ——
Capt. Then 'twill doe you a pleasure.
Both. Cit. Above expression.
Capt. Heres twelve pence a peece for you y'ar fit Men
To serve the Queen:
Both Cit. How Captain?
Capt. Why in the Wars, choose either Pike or Musket,
You shall have that favour.
Both Cit. We are both undone.
Lords. Ha, ha, but will you use 'em so?
Capt. Ha' they not ready mony? why d'ee stare?
No thanks for my protection?
Both Cit. Protection?
Capt. Did you not protest you should to prison else?
Why you unthankfull sons of false light, Sergeant
Take 'em to thei'r Rendevous
1 *Cit.* Captain, a word--we are content--
Capt. I'm glad on't, Why d'ee stay then.
1 *Cit.* To abate half our money.
2 *Cit.* All, all good Captain, he shall have all, rather
Than be sent a souldiering; d'ee know what 'tis?
'Tis no Artillery Garden, where you come off
With as you were.
Rod. This was his Project.
Capt. Umh'. You will forgive me both your debts?
2 *Cit.* And pray Heaven to forgive you too.
Capt. My Lords, bear witness,
These two would bribe me to abuse the Queen
And the present service, is this less then Treason?
Both Cit. Oh. *Er.* Nay, nay Captain.
Capt. There are not two more able Men i'th' Army,
I mean for bulk; ram me into a Cannon
If you shall buy your selves with your estates
From this Imployment; Il not coſen you,
Your mony is good debt still, you may live,

And

And aske me for't agen, and I may pay you.

Rod. But ſhall they ſerve indeed?

Capt. That's at their perill
When they come to'th, field, but goe they ſhall,
And they were my Coſen-germans.

Both Cit. Good my Lord ſpeak for us.

Capt. You doe not know my Lords, but a little ſuf-(fering
May ſave their ſouls. and teach 'em, if they come
Off, with a quarter of their limbs, compaſſion
To other Men, that venter their lives for 'em,
Their conſciences are tough, and muſt be ſuppled,
When they ſhall faſt, and march ten months in armor,
Sometimes through Rivers, ſometimes over Mountains,
And not have ſtraw at Night, to keep their Breech
From growing to the Earth, in ſtorms, in heats;
When they have felt the ſoftneſs of a trench
Thigh deep in water, and their dung to fatten it;
When they ſhall ſee no meat within a month,
But chaw their Match like Liquoriſh, and digeſt
The Bark of trees like Sallads in the Summer;
When they ſhall live to think theres no ſuch thing
In Nature as a thirſt, and wonder why
A Taylor was created; when they have
As much in ready ſhot, within their fleſh,
As would ſet up a Plummer, or repair
A Church with Lead, beſide ten thouſand more
Afflictions, which they are ſure to find,
They may have Chriſtianitie, and not put
A Souldier to the payment of his debts.

Rod. 'Tis a Mad Captain, come my Lord lets leave him. *Ex. Lords.*

Capt. You ſhall have time and place to ſend for mony,
Or make your Wils; ſet on, who knows but you
Hereafter may be honeſt, and prove Captains;
You may have preferment in the Wars for money,
And ſo my Gentle Creditors, march on. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter Leandro with Letters.

Lean. THe hope, and care of many years, are in (War?
One day destroy'd; hath Heaven no stroke in
Or is old providence asleep? *Leonario*
Is comming home with victorie, and brings
Young *Ferdinand*, whom I expected to
Salute a King, his Prisoner, and the Queen
With her new Conqueror, glorious in the spoils,
By putting out this light, will mix their beams
And burn our eyes out with their shine; there is
No talk but of this triumph, and the people
Whom I by art and secret murmurs had
Made doubtful at the first noise of this Conquest,
As they had borrowed souls from fear, and folly,
Adore the rising Star, and in the praise
Of him and his great fate, wonder that Heaven
Should hold a Sun, and he so bright; nor with
This flattery content, but they condemn,
(As low as all their sins shall one day them)
Him whom the chance of War hath made a Prisoner.
There is no trust to policie or time,
The things of State are whirld by destinie,
To meet their period, Art cannot repair 'em.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, the Queen hath sent for you,
She is going forth to meet the Prince, and hath
Commanded none be wanting to attend
With all the State that may become her, to
Congratulate the triumph now brought home.

Leand. I shall obey. I must attend this glorie;

It

t is not ſafe to wear a brow, but what
The Queens example firſt forms into ſmile.
here contract my knowledge, and ſeclude
My wiſhes, ſince they proſper not. I am
Her Chancelor; as great Offices, and high
Employments, do expoſe us to moſt danger,
They oft teach thoſe poſſeſs 'em a State-wiſdom,
And by Inherent virtues of the place,
Our fear to loſe, makes us ſecure our ſelves,
By art more often, than by conſcience;
But I may be indangered to ſuſpition;
I like not things; but I delay my attendance. *Exit.*

Enter Captain, Lieutenant, Antient and Souldiers.

Capt. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Captain.

Capt. Antient, what think you of the Wars now?

Ant. We are come off with Honour.

Lieu. And our Limbs, Captain.

Capt. Is that all? who made you a Lieutenant?
And you Antient? theſe titles were not born w'e,
You did not wear theſe Buffs and Feathers in
The memorie of Man, when you receiv'd
The binding twelve-pence, it was otherwiſe.

Ant. But you receiv'd, if you remember Captain,
Beſide what we releaſt in honeſt debt
Sums for this great Inſtalment, we ha' paid
I take it for our names.

Capt. And it became you,
Now you are Gentlemen, my Comrades of honor,
And I dare walk and drink at Taverns w'e,
Your oaths become you now, and your ſplay feet;
You look'd before like Magots, City Worms,
I ha' made you both brave fellows, fellows to Knights.
You may be Squires to Ladies too.

Ant. I think ſo. *Capt.* We are all now of a trade,
For *Mars* is Maſter of our Companie,

Our

Our Shop is the Field, Reſolution our Stock,
Honour our Purchaſe, and Fire and Sword
The Tools we work withall.

Lieu. But now the Wars are done, I think
We may ſhut up our Shop, there is no more
Pay, is there?

Capt. Pox upon you; I ſee your ſouls bleat after
Profit ſtill, a bullet in the right place would
Ha' knock'd out this humour of getting mony;
But fear not, though you come off with more
Limbs than you deſerve, you ſhall have pay.

Ant. Shall we, and not be troubled to fight for't?

Capt. Yes, it will be neceſſary you fight, you will
Ha' your throats cut elſe, and be ſent off like Sheep,
Doe not fear payment, here be Mandrakes,
That will rore, and cudgell you to your hearts content;
You ſha'not walk the Streets now you are
Officers without a quarrell: pay enough.

Lieu. A Man had as good be no Lieutenant, as be
Beaten when he comes home: what think you Antient?

Ant. For my part I can indure beating as well
As another, if that be all.

Capt. Will you to your Shops agen?

Ant. I have no mind to Wooſted Stockings agen,
And Shoos that Shine, I would were colours ſtill.

Capt. Well ſaid Antient, come I'l take your fears off;
Doe not confeſs you are a Lieutenant, or you an
Antient, and no man will quarrell w'ee, you
Shall be as ſecure as Chryſome Children. (I am

Lieu. Shall we? they ſhall rack me e'r Ile confeſs
A Lieutenant, or ever ſee the Wars.

Ant. Or I an Antient. Ile tak't upon my death
I was never a Souldier in my life.

Capt. 'Tis well done; now becauſe I love you,
And ſee you have an Itch after honour, ſo
It may come without blows, Let me adviſe you,

You

You have moneys at command.

Lieut. And good debts too.

Cap. You shall both turn Courtiers.

Ant. Shall we?

Cap. I say't; for if my phisnomy deceive me not,
You two are born to be——

Both. What?

Cap. Coxbombs. I'l help to make you too;
You shall presently kiss the Queens hand;
You have moneys you say, You shall never turn
To your vomit of small Wares. I have friends
At Court, you may in time be great; And when I come
With a Petition to your honors, for moneys in arrear,
Or knocking out some rascals brains, such as you were
When you wore a girt under your chops, you two
May stand between me and the Gallows.

Ant. Hang us if we do not.

Capt. You shall buy places presently. But stay,
Have you a minde to be Officers to the Queen
In ordinary, or extraordinary?

Ant. Extraordinary by all means.

Lieut. We scorn to be ordinary Courtiers.

Capt. I commend your judgement, that will be
Chargeable: But—— (more

Ant. Hang't, we'l finde money enough, but I
Resolve to be extraordinary. (sently;

Capt. I'l bring you to a Court-Merchant pre-
You will get infinite estates.

Both. A ha Captain. (bountiful.

Capt. And so command the Ladies, if you be

Both. A ha Boy.

Capt. For I know you do love Wenches;
You will have all the business, and the Country
Come tumbling in upon you like the tide,
After a moneth: You must keep twenty men
Between you, night and day to tell your money.

Oh 'tis unknown what will become on you,
If you be rul'd, and take this course: Had I
Moneys like you, I would be—— (after
Lieut. Come, we will lend thee moneys too here-
Cap. Will you, come on, no more Lieutenant now,
Nor Antient.
Ant. Do ye think we long to be beaten. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ferdinand (in prison) Rosania (like a Page.)
Rosa. Pray do not grieve for me, I have a heart
Tha can for your sake suffer more; and when
The tyranny of your fate calls me to die,
I can as willingly resign my breath,
As go to sleep.
Ferd. Can I hear this *Rosania*
Without a fresh wound? That thy love to me
Should be so ill rewarded, th'ast engag'd
Thy self too much already; 'tis within
Thy will, yet to be safe, reveal thy self,
Throw of the cloud that doth eclipse that brightness,
And they will court thy person, and be proud
With all becoming-honor to receive thee,
No fear shall rob thy cheek of her chaste blood.
Oh leave me to my own Stars, and expect
What ere become of wretched *Ferdinand*,
A happy fate.
Rosa. Your Councel is unkinde,
This language would become your charity
To a stranger, but my Interest is more
In thee, then thus with words to be sent off;
Our vows have made us one, nor can the names
Of Father, Countrey, or what can be dear
In Nature, bribe one thought to wish my self
In Heaven without thy company; it were poor then
To leave thee here. Then by thy faith I charge thee,
By this--the first and last seal of our love. *Kisses him.*
By all our promises, when we did flatter

Our

Our selves, and in our fancy took the world
A peeces, and collected what did like
Us best, to make us a new paradice,
By that, the noblest ornament of thy soul,
Thy honor, I conjure thee, let me still
Be undiscovered; What will it avail
To leave me, whom thou lovest, and walk alone
Sad pilgrime to another world? We will
Converse in soul, and shoot like Stars, whose Beams
Are twisted, and make bright the sullen Groves
Of Lovers as we pass.

Ferd. These are but dreams
Of happiness, be wise *Rosania*,
Thy love is not a friend to make thee miserable,
Society in death, where we affect,
But multiplies our grief; Live thou, Oh live.
And if thou hast a tear, when I am dead,
But drop it to my memory, it shall
More precious then embalming dwell upon me,
And keep my ashes pure, my spirit shall
At the same instant in some innocent shape
Descend upon that earth thou hast bedew'd;
And kissing the bright tribute of thy eye,
Shall after wait like thy good Angel on thee.
There will be none to speak of *Ferdinand*
Without disdain, if thou diest too: Oh live
A little to defend me, or at least
To say I was no Traitor to thy love,
And lay the shame on death, and my false Stars
That would not let me live to be a King.

Rosa. Oh *Ferdinand*,
Thou dost not love me now.

Ferd. Not love *Rosania*?
If woing thee to live, will not assure thee,
Command me then to die, and spare the cruelty
Of the fair Queen: Not love *Rosania*?

If thou wilt but delight to ſee me bleed,
I will at ſuch a narrow paſſage let
Out life, it ſhall be many hours in ebbing,
And my ſoul bathing in the Crimſon ſtream,
Take pleaſure to be drown'd. I have ſmall time
To love, and be alive, but I will carry
So true a Faith to woman hence, as ſhall
Make poor the world, when I am gone to tell
The ſtory yonder.--We are interrupted. *Enter Keeper.*

Keep. You muſt prepare your ſelf for preſent trial;
I have command to attend you to the Judges.
That Gentleman, and all that did adhere
To your Conſpiracy, are by the Queens
Moſt gracious Mercy pardon'd.

Ferd. In that word
Th'haſt brought me more then life; I ſhall betray,
And with my too much joy undo thee again.
Heaven does command thee live, I muſt obey
This Summons, I ſhall ſee thee again *Tiberio*,
Before I die.

Roſa. I'l wait upon you Sir,
The Queen will not deny me that poor office;
I know not how to leave you.

Ferd. Death and I
Shall meet, and be made friends; but when we part,
The world ſhall finde thy ſtory in my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Officers with Bar, Table, Stools, ——then Erneſto, Rodriguez, Leandro, *Queen, ſupported by* Leonario, Ferdinand, Roſania, *Ladies, Gentlemen, and Guard, who ſet* Ferdinand *to the Bar.*

Queen. Is that the priſoner at the Bar?

Leon. He that pretended himſelf *Ferdinand*,
Your Uncles ſon.

Q. Proceed to his Arraignment; my Lord *Leandro*,
You know our pleaſure.

Leand.

Lean. Although the Queen in her own Royal power,
And without violating Sacred Justice, where
Treason comes to invade her, and her Crown
With open war, need not insist upon
The Forms, and Circumstance of Law, but use
Her Sword in present execution;
Yet such is the sweet temper of her blood,
And calmness of her Nature, though provok'd
Into a storm, unto the great'st offender
She shuts up no defence, willing to give
A satisfaction to the world how much
She doth delight in mercy. *Ferdinand*,
For so thou dost pretend thy self, thou art
Indicted of High Treason to Her Majestie,
In that thou hast usurp'd relation to
Her blood; and under name of being her Kinsman,
Not onely hast contriv'd to blast her Honor
With Neighbor Princes, but hast gather'd arms
To wound the precious bosom of her Countrey,
And tear the Crown, which Heaven and just Succession
Hath plac'd upon her Royal Head: what canst
Thou answer to this Treason?

Ferd. Boldly thus.
As I was never with the height of all
My expectation, and the aid of Friends,
Transported one degree above my self,
So must not *Ferdinand*, though his Stars have frown'd
And the great eye of Providence seem to slumber,
While your force thus compel'd, & brought me hither
With mockery of my Fate, to be arraign'd
For being a Prince, have any thought beneath
The Title I was born to; yet I'l not call
This cruelty in you, nor in the Queen,
(If I may name her so, without injustice
To my own right) a Kingdom is a Garland,
Worth all Contention; and where right seals not
The true Possession, Nature is forgotten,

And blood thought cheap to assure it; there is some
Within that excellent Figure, that restrains (thing
A Passion here, that else would forth like lightning.
Tis not your shape, which yet hath so much sweetness
Some pale religious Hermit might suspect
You are the blessed Saint he pray'd too; no,
The magick's in our nature, and our blood;
For both our veins full of one precious purple
Strike harmony in their motion, I am *Ferdinand*,
And you the fair *Olivia*, brothers children.

Leon. What insolence is this?

Qu. Oh my Lord, let him
Be free to plead; for if it be no dream,
His cause will want an Orator: By my blood,
He does talk bravely.

Rodri. These are flourishes.

Ernest. Speak to the treason you are charged with
And confess a guilt.

Leond. He justifies himself.

Ferd. If it be treason to be born a Prince,
To have my Fathers Royal Blood move here;
If it be treason, in my infancy
To have escap'd by Divine Providence,
When my poor life should have been sacrific'd
To please a cruel Uncle, whose Ambition
Surpris'd my Crown, and after made *Olivia*
His Daughter Queen; if it be treason, to
Have been a stranger thus long from my Country,
Bred up with silence, of my name, and birth,
And not till now mature to own my self
Before a Sun-beam; if it be treason
After so long a banishment to weep
A tear of joy upon my Countries bosom,
And call her mine my just inheritance,
Unless you stain my blood with bastardy;
If it be treason, still to love this Earth,

That knew so many of my race, her Kings,
Though late unkindly arm'd to kill her Sovereign,
As if the effusion of my blood were left
To make her fertile, if to love *Olivia*,
My nearest pledge of blood, although her power
Hath chain'd her Prince, and made her Lord her pri-
Who sits with expectation to hear (soner,
That sentence that must make the golden Wreath,
Secure upon her Brow, by blasting mine.
If this be treason, I am guilty *Ferdinand*.
Your King's become a traitor, and must die
A black, and most inglorious death.

Ernest. You offer
At some defence, but come not home; by what
Engine were you translated hence, or whether
Convei'd? There was some trust, deceiv'd, when you
Were carried forth to be preserv'd, and much
Care taken since, in bringing of you up,
And giving secret Fire to this Ambition.

Ferd. There wants no testimony here, of what
Concerns the story of my Birth and Infancy,
If one dare speak, and be an honest Lord.

Leand. Hows that? (tyranny,

Ferd. Whose love and art secur'd me from all
Though here my funeral was believ'd, while I
Sent to an honorable Friend, his Kinsman,
Grew safely to the knowledge of my self
At last, till fortune of the War betray'd me
To this captivity.

Leand. I blush at thee
Young-man, whose fate hath made thee desperate,
And car'st not what mans blood thou draw'st along
In thy black stream, or what mans faith thou mak'st
As hateful as thy crimes.

Ernest. That confederate
Sure has some name, declare him, that he may

Thank you for his reward, and loſe his head for't.
Quee. We always ſee that men in ſuch high natu
Deform'd, and guilty, want not ſpecious ſhapes
To gain their practice friendſhip, and compaſſion,
But he ſhall feel the puniſhment; d'you ſmile?
Ferd. A womans anger is but worth it Madam;
And if I may have freedom, I muſt ſay,
Not in contempt of what you ſeem, nor help'd
By overcharge of paſſion, which but makes
A fruitleſs noiſe; I have a ſenſe of what
I am to loſe, a life, but I am ſo fortified
With valiant thoughts, and innocence, I ſhall,
When my laſt breath is giving up, to loſe
Its ſelf i'th' air, be ſo remote from fear,
That I will caſt my face into one ſmile,
Which ſhall when I am dead, acquit all trembling,
And be a ſtory to the world, how free
From paleneſs *Ferdinand* took leave of earth.
Roſa. Alas my Lord, you forget me, that can
Part with ſuch courage.
Ferd. I forget indeed,
I thought of death with honor, but my love
Hath found a way to chide me; O my Boy,
I can weep now.
Leon. A ſudden change, he weeps.
Quee. What Boy is that?
Ferd. I prethee take thy ſelf away.
Quee. Your Spirit
Does melt it ſeems, and you begin to think
A life is worth preſerving, though with Infamy.
Ferd. Goodneſs thy aid again, and tell this grea
Proud woman, I have a Spirit ſcorns her pity.
Come hither Boy, and let me kiſs thee; thus
At parting with a good, and pretty ſervant,
I can without my honor ſtain'd ſhed tears:
I took thee from thy Friends, to make thee mine;

Is it not truth Boy.

Rosa. Yes my Lord. (great,

Ferd. And mean't when I was King to make thee
And shall I not, when I can live no longer,
To cherish thee at farewel, drop a tear?
That I could weep my soul upon thee,—But
You are to slow me thinks. I am so far
From dread, I think your forms too tedious.
I expect my sentence.

Quee. Let it stay a while.
What secret flame is this? Honor protect me!
Your Graces fair excuse, for you—I shall
Return again— *Exit.*

Ferd. And I, with better guard
After my silence in the Grave, to meet
And plead this cause.

Erneſt. He is distracted sure;
His person I could pity, but his insolence
Wants an example; what if we proceed
To sentence?

Leon. I suppose the Queen will clear
Your duties in't.

Leand. But I'l acquaint her. *Exit.*

Rod. My Lord *Leandro*'s gone.

Erneſt. His censure will
Be one with ours.

Ferd. Yet shall I publish who
Thou art? I shall not die with a calm soul
And leave thee in this cloud.

Enter the Queen and Leandro.

Rosa. By no means Sir. —The Queen.

Quee. Whose service is so forward to our State,
That when Our pleasure's known, not to proceed,
They dare be officious in his Sentence? Are
We Queen, or do we move by your Protection?

Erneſt. Madam, the Prince—

Quee. My Lord, you have a Queen. I not

I not ſuſpect his wiſdom Sir, but he
Hath no Commiſſion here to be a Judge,
You were beſt circumſcribe our Regal power,
And by your ſelves condemn, or pardon all,
And we ſign to your will. The offence, which you
Call treaſon ſtrikes at us, and we releaſe it,
Let me but ſee one curl in any Brow:
Attend the priſoner hither; ——Kiſs our hand.
Are you ſo mercileſs to think this man
Fit for a Scaffold. You ſhall Sir be near us,
And if in this confuſion of your Fortunes
You can finde gratitude, and love, deſpair not.
Theſe men that now oppoſe, may finde your title
Clear to the Kingdom too: Be Sir collected,
And let us uſe your arm.

Exit. Supported by Ferdinand.

Roſa. What change is here?
Leand. What think you of this Lords?
Rodri. I dare not think.
Leon. Affronted thus? O my vext heart. *Exit.*
Roſa. Ile follow ſtill, and if this be no dream,
We have ſcap'd a Brook, to meet a greater ſtream.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

Enter Rodriguez, Erneſto.

Erneſt. THough I believ'd her paſſionate, and like
A Sea, tempeſtuous in her anger, I
Never thought ſhe would marry him.
Rodri. She's the Queen.
But with what honor ſhe could quit the Prince,
Who (without treaſon) did deſerve her too,
Comes not within my reach.

Erneſt.

Erneſt. If you conſider
He has been valiant for her to great purpoſe,
And brought a priſoner home, to mount his Gennet:
It was a pretty ſervice.

Rod. How does he bear it.

Erneſt. He's here, you may enquire it.

Enter Leonario (with Letters) and a Servant.

Leon. Be ſwift and faithful, *Arragon* bleeds here,
Nothing but War can right my cauſe and honor.

Serv. Expect an army great as your own thoughts
To cut the way to your revenge. *Exit.*

Leon. My Lords *Rodriguez* and *Erneſto.*

Ambo. Your Graces ſervants.

Leon. A man may take the benefit of this Garden,
Without a Court offence, you have had the day
Of triumph, and the Queen already teeming,
To bleſs the Kingdom with an Heir; and yet
You ſee I walk like a poor Neighbor Prince,
And have my heart ſtill.

Rod. I am glad you bear it ſo.

Leon. Nor have I a meaning
To run my ſelf into deſpair, or ſtrangle
My better hopes, out of pure melancholy,
I praiſe the influence of my Stars; there is
A fire in Cupids Quiver, that will ſcorch
Through armor; and what's womans fleſh and blood
To make reſiſtance, though I did not dance
Upon the marriage night, I wiſh'd her joyes
I'th' morning.

Erneſt. Her heart ſhew'd ſhe was pleas'd
With what ſhe had done; ſhe was as active as
The air before ſhe went to Bed.

Rod. But I
Obſerv'd a declination in the King,
And as the night approach'd, which ſhould have more
Inlarg'd his mirth, he grew more melancholy.

Leon.

Leon. Strange! And ſuch a Bride that took him fro
So great a loſs, to place him in her boſom;
But he was mark'd for the Queens thoughts, and I
By deſtiny to bring this pair of Pidgeons
Together. I expect no more reward,
The Willow Garland Crowns me, but the Prince
Is here ſtill.

Erneſt. Your highneſs hath a noble temper.

Rod. How ere he ſeem to cover it, his ſoul
Hath a deep apprehenſion of the affront.
Let's leave him, our diſcourſe may be diſpleaſing.
We are ſervants to your Grace. *Exeunt Lords.*

Leon. Y'have honor'd me.
Think I am tame ſtill? let the inconſtant Queen
Secure her thoughts, and glory in my ſilence;
This heart is laboring a revenge.

Enter Captain.

Captain, what news? the Court is merry ſtill?

Cap. Not altogether ſo merry as it was hop'd for

Leon. Can there be an eclipſe already?

Cap. I have not read the Almanack for this year,
But by my Court Aſtronomie, I finde
Our Sun and Moon are in no Conjunction;
They take their fit by turns, the King was cold
And full of flegm laſt night, and they that wait
Neer both, report the Queen this morning look'd
As ſhe had wept.

Leon. O, tears of joy.

Cap. Of anger rather, if you ſaw her ſullenneſs.
She frowns on every man, ſhe turn'd away
One of her ſervants but this morning, for
Preſenting her with Verſes, that did praiſe
The King, and wiſh her fruitful. Her own Page
Was whipt, for ſaying the King lay with the Queen
And might for ought he knew, get her with childe ere (morning.

Leon. Thou art humorous.

Cap.

Cap. And so are they.

Leon. This begins well; and what
Do people talk abroad of me, and my
Affront?

Cap. Why, they say they are sorry for you,
Especially the women.

Leon. Thou art pleasant.

Cap. Some that are cheif in counsel, privately
Suspect it but a trick of State; and that
You had discover'd underhand the Queen
Was not——

Leon. Leave this mirth; let me indear thy care
For my intelligence at Court; I must
Not off so tamely; and expect me here,
After a small dispatch, I have more to impart. *Exit.*

Cap. Your humble creature still Sir. 'Las poor Gent'
Were I as capable to be entertain'd now, in revenge
I would mount all the Madams in the Court,
There should be nothing like a woman in't,
But I would tonz and tumble: Who are these?

Enter two Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Save you Sir. *Cap.* It may be so.

2. *Cit.* Pray Sir take no offence, we have been enquiring
About the Court for two Gentlemen.

Cap. And cannot your four eies see two Gentlemen
I'th' Court?

1. *Cit.* Excuse us Sir, we have seen many, you
May guess we have relation to the Citie Sir, (tances,
And would be glad to meet two of our old acquain-
A brace of our Tribe,
We hear, translated first out of the Citie,
To be Sons o'th' Sword, are since turn'd Courtiers.
Pray d'ye know 'em?

Enter Lieutenant and Violinda.

Cap. Yes children of the Gown, but their imployment
Wo not give 'em leave to attend such vulgar confe-
rence, And

And here comes one of the Moon-calves, does he loo
Like a Haberdasher, that's one of the Maids of Hono
The Weisel loves a Hens-Nest, and I have setled
This perswasion, That no woman can hold out,
Now he is sworn a servant extraordinary.

1. *Cit.* Sir do you know us?

Lieut. No. (trade

2. *Cit.* We were your neighbors, and of the sam

Cap. They'l make him sweat; how the Rogu (glotes upon 'em

1. *Cit.* We were of your acquaintance, when you (sold Garters

Lieut. Go hang your selves.

2. *Cit.* And Statute-lace.

Viol. What are these?

Lieut. Poor men that had some losses late by fire,
And would become my Clients to procure
Some Letters Patents to beg by; alas, they are hal (distracted.

1. *Cit.* He's proud--- I have a parcel of Periwig
Please you, for old acquaintance, put 'em off for me,
Among some friends of yours at Court, whose skulls
Are but thinly furnish'd; the hair is of a
Gentlewomans spinning. (money

Cap. I could love this Citizen, and ow him any
For his confident abusing him. *Exit Violinda.*
He has brib'd her absence with some Ring or Bracelet,
Least she should taste the discovery now.

1. *Cit.* Methinks you need not be so proud.

Lieut. I would have you to know that I am an ex-

Cap. Proud Coxcomb. (traordinary—

Lieut. Servant to the Queen. What I was,
I am willing to forget;
What you are, is apparant, I defie the
Dunghil I came from, and it is *scandalum*
Magnatum to be so saucy. *Exit.*

1. *Cit.*

1. *Cit.* I will not leave your worſhip ſo. *Exit.*

Cap. What will this Raſcal do with himſelf?
Here comes the other Fool to make up the *Gemini.*

Enter Antient with two Petitions.

Ant. Hum, I will not know him--- Let me ſee---
The humble Petition of——

2. *Cit.* Save you Maſter——

Ant. Prethee fellow do not trouble me——
Humbly praying--- The Queen ſhall ſign it.
Let me ſee this other——

Cap. Who the devil will bring him a Petition,
This Whelp has diſcovered him, and now would
Pretend himſelf moſt buſily employ'd
About Petitions to the Queen.

Ant. Hum, ſhall daily pray for—— Hum.

Cap. More wit and money a your ſide; for your
Extraordinary place will not hold out.

2. *Cit.* Sir I have a ſute to you.

Ant. Is it Embroidered Sattin Sir, or Scatlet?
Yet if your buſineſs do hold weight and conſequence,
may deſerve to wear your thankfulneſs
In Tiſſue or cloth of Bodkin; Ermines are for Princes.

2. *Cit.* Alas my Suite is not worth your wearing.
(time

Ant. Good faith Sir you muſt excuſe me, at this
My attendance is expected at the Counſel, come
To my Chamber by five a clock in the morning
Four days hence, and you ſhall be ſure to finde
Me——

Cap. A ſleep.

2. *Cit.* But do you not know me? (you

Ant. Hum. Yes I have ſeen your phiſnomy, were
Never in a conſpicuous place, called the Pillorie.

2. *Cit.* How. the Pillory?

Cap. A skirmiſh, and it be thy will.

2. *Cit.* If it were not in the Court Garden,
would beat out thy brains.

Ant.

Ant. Take heed, for I am an extraordinary—

2. *Cit.* Ratcatcher. (Sir

Cap. You may beat out his brains here as securely
As if you met him i'th' market; Marry if you do
Not kill him outright, it is but the loss
Of your hand.

2. *Cit.* I would it were but the loss of my left hand
To beat one of thy eyes out— Are you an Ancient?

Ant. Thank you for that, so I might deserve
To be beaten. I am an extraordinary Sir.

Cap. And deserves to be beaten accordingly.
You may kick him without danger.

2. *Cit.* May I?

Enter 1. *Citizen kicking the Lieutenant.*

Cap. Look, your friend will shew you a president
He is acquainted with the Court latitude.

1. *Cit.* This is no striking.

Lieut. I know it is not.

Cap. They are subtle knaves, and know the Law

Lieut. A pox upon 'em, I feel it.

Ant. At their peril say I, these poor things
Do not believe that we are extraordinary men,
I shall know you anorher time, I shall.

Cap. If you had known him now it had been better
For your hanches. Well, I ha' not done with
These whelps yet, till they are undone.
I shall never be sufficiently revenged for their affront
At Court. The Prince commanded me to
Expect his return here, I'l not leave

Enter Rosania.

The Garden. Who's this?

Rosa. Is perjury no sin? or can Heaven be
So busie or a sleep? Such crimes of men
Pass with impunity? Let this wake your anger:
This; *Ferdinand* is married, all his vows

Scatter

Scatter'd in th' air, diſpers'd like witherd leaves,
And hurried on the wings of ſome rude Wind,
Whoſe pride was to deflour the Spring; Oh *Ferdinand*,
Couldſt thou, whilſt yet thy breath was warm with love,
With love of me, call back thy faith, and tear
Thy Heart from mine to plant it in her Boſom?

Capt. How's this?

Roſa. What though ſhe be a Queen? could any thirſt
Of preſent title flatter thy Soul from me?
I that left all for thee, and would have calld
Death for thy cauſe a triumph, now muſt live
The ſcorn of my own thoughts, deſpis'd by thee.

Capt. Here's a new buſineſs; this obſcures me quaintly.

Enter Leandro.

Lean. The King commands you not to leave the Garden.
He eſpied you from the Gallerie Window, and
Would have you here attend him.

Roſa. Sir, may I
Without offence, ask if the King be merry?

Leand. We are ſcarce yet acquainted with his nature,
But we obſerve no Jubilie in his eyes,
Nor is the Queen ſo pleaſant as our hopes
Did promiſe after Marriage.

Roſa. Pray excuſe this boldneſs.

Leand. You'l expect his pleaſure here? *Exit.*

Roſa. 'Tis my ambition once more to ſee,
And ſpeak with him, and if his language break not

Enter Queen, Leandro.

My Heart, I'l take my leave—the Queen.

Leand. He is a Servant to whom the King
Was pleas'd to ſhew affection, when he had
No expectation of your Royall favour.

Que. I do remember, I obſerv'd him once
Uſe more than common paſſion to this ſervant,
And if we may build any confidence
Upon a fair aſpect, he may deſerve it.

Say we would ſpeak with him; my Heart's oppreſt
With melancholy, ſomething tels my ſpirit
I am too tame; have I advanc'd a thing
Without a name to perch on the ſame Cloud
With me, and for his ſake ſlighted a Prince,
My Honour, and his Faith, tranſported with
My folly and his charms of tongue and perſon?
And dares he pay me with neglect and coldneſs?
Oh my vext ſoul! but he ſhall find I have
A ſenſe of my diſhonour; and yet open
Wayes become triviall and poor revengers,
I will doe ſomething that ſhall ſting him to
Repentance; my Lord you now may leave us. *Ex. Leandro.*
Sir of what Country are you?

Roſa. Of *Valentia.*

Que. Your name?

Roſa. Liberio.

My Parents not ignoble, yet too haſty
I'th' apprehenſion of Prince *Ferdinand*;
His Fortune (if I may yet call him ſo)
Gave me to be his page, I muſt confeſs
My diligence thriv'd ſo well ſince I came to him,
That he did value me above his ſervant.

Que. Yet I've not ſeen you wait ſince we were married.

Roſa. It was no want of dutie Madam, I
Had late ſome wraſtling with a Feaver, that
Compeld me to my Chamber, and diſabled me
For fit attendance.

Que. Why doſt weep?

Roſa. I Madam?

Que. I ſee the tears.

Roſa. They are not ſorrow then to ſee my Maſter
Poſſeſt of ſo much happineſs in your love,
And I am confident, his ſoul ſo full
Of Honour and regard to your great virtues
Will ſeal him worth your gracious favours Madam,

And

And the worlds Envie.

Que. I'l not blame him now
For loving thee; and ſo much hath thy faith
And innocence prevail'd, thou ſha't tranſlate
Thy ſervice, and be mine, he ſhall conſent.

Roſ. I am to both moſt humble.

Que. Prethee tell me,
Making ſo much of thee, he do's impart
Sometimes the ſecrets of his boſom to thee.
Tell me what fault he has, for thou know'ſt all.

Roſa. 'Las Madam I know none,
Or if I did, it ill became the truſt
And dutie of a ſervant to reveal 'em

Que. Thou wer't his bed-fellow?

Roſ. Gracious Madam—

Que. Do's he not wanton in the night, and talk
Of Miſtreſſes.

Roſ. By truth not to me Madam.

Que. Diſſemble not
I know he has a Miſtreſs.

Roſa. If love were ever ſo unkind to him—

Que. Unkind? why I'ſt a ſin to love? I ſhall
Suſpect thy Youth has not been free, thy looks
Betray ſome ſeeds of Love.

Roſa. By all that's good
I never was in love but with my Maſter.

Capt. Good.

Que. He is not worth it.

Roſa. Madam.

Que. Be wiſe, and govern well thy hopes. I'l help
thee to a Miſtreſs; th'aſt no Miſtreſs yet?

Roſa. But you ſelf Madam.

Que. It ſhall be no other.
Thy Maſter is ingrateſull.

Roſ. Goodneſs aid him.

Que. And wiſdom thee, thou art a pretty youth.

I will reward thee better, if thou canſt
Be faithfull and obey.
Roſa. In all things Madam
That ſhall become your creature.
Que. 'Tis not ſafe
To play with a Queens favours, you ſhall wait
Neer us; forget thy Maſter, and be happy. *Exit.*
Roſ. What clue can guide me in this Labyrinth?
I would when I had loſt *Ferdinands* Heart
I had loſt my underſtanding. She returns.

Enter Queen.

Que. The King is comming this way; now be free,
Thou ſha't have reaſon afterwards to bleſs
Thy fate, this cannot choſe but vex him. *The Queen is pleaſant with Roſ.*

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. The Queen ſo pleaſant? ſhe has loſt her ſullenneſs,
Playes with his Hair, and ſmiles.
Roſ. Madam, the King
Obſerves us.
Ferd. Stroaks his cheek too, ſhe does want
A *Ganimede*; my poor *Roſania*
Art thou the path ſhe walks on to revenge,
All is not well within her Heart, but mine
Sinks with the heavy preſſure—ſhe is gone. *Exit Queen*
The Queen does grace you much *Tiberio*,
Thoſe favours are not common.
Roſa. She is pleas'd
For your ſake Sir to caſt ſome ſmile upon me;
I know 'twas your requeſt ſhe ſhould be kind,
To keep my Heart a live.
Ferd. Th'art not diſcover'd.
Roſ. Did not you diſcourſe
My ſtory to her?
Ferd. I?

Tal

Roſ. Take heed, yet this
Will adde but a thin Feather to the ſcale
Of my misfortune, ſhe knows all, and in
The pittie of my ſufferings ſayes you are
Not worth my love, and calls you moſt ingratefull
Ferd. We are both loſt, till now there was ſome hope
How to repair thy ſorrow.
Roſa. Do not mock me;
'Tis a worſe tyranny than to kill, to laugh
At what you have made wretched, 'tis as poſſible
To call paſt ages back.
Ferd. Take heed *Roſania*,
And be not Judge of what thou know'ſt not, deareſt.
Roſa. I know too much.
Ferd. That I am Married.
Roſa. Ther's no truth in Man.
Ferd. You are too raſh; for there is truth in me,
In *Ferdinand*, though in thy thoughts held black
And ſtaind prodigiouſly with breach of faith,
I have not broke my vow, do not compell me
By thy unbelief to do a Sin I hate
As much as I love thee.
Roſa. Have you a Soul?
Ferd. Yes, and thy Eye ſhall read it, be but calm,
That Soul, thou once didſt love, white with his firſt
Simplicity and faith; I wo'not urge
In my excuſe the beautie of the Queen
Enough to melt a Scythian into love,
But call to mind my dear *Roſania*,
And do but put upon thee *Ferdinand*
So late forgotten by his Stars, a priſoner,
Slav'd like a villain at the bar, expecting
At every breath his ſentence, nay admit
Roſania, the beſt part of his Soul
Stood like a weeping fountain to take leave
Of what ſhe never muſt ſalute agen:

In this extreme, to preſerve *Ferdinand*
And ſave *Roſania*, wouldſt thou ſcorn the breath
Of mercy, that did Court thee from the Lips
Of a great Queen? couldſt thou love *Roſania*,
If thou wert *Ferdinand* to loſe thy ſelf?
Whom ſhe would follow in a ſtream of tears,
And when ſhe had made an Iland of thy tomb,
Striving to ſwim to thee, ſhe could not chooſe,
But drown her ſelf in her own waves. I prethee
Take reaſon to thee, and when th'aſt conſider'd--

Roſa. Perſwade me I am not *Roſania*,
And I will ſay 'tis virtue, and that yet
Your heart may grow with mine; is not the Queen
Poſſeſt of that which ſhould have been my title,
A Wife to *Ferdinand*?

Ferd. 'Tis confeſt the world
Doth think it ſo, I did conſent to ceremony.

Roſ. Call you injoying of the Queen but ceremony?

Ferd. Pauſe there, and if thou haſt but ſo much charity
To think I dare not blaſpheme Heaven, I'l call
That, and the Angels boldly to my witneſs,
The Queen's to me a ſtranger yet.

Roſ. A miracle.

Ferd. Retain but love, as thou preſerv'ſt thy ſweetneſs,
And that will teach thee to believe that *Ferdinand*,
How ere ſaluted King is ſtill thy ſubject,
And though her Husband, in my faith to thee
The Marriage-Bed hath ſtill our Virgin ſheets;
A Brother might embrace a Siſter, with
The heat I brought; that this is truth, the power
And name I have, ſhall only ſerve to make
Our flight ſecure into another Kingdom,
And when I part with theſe new ſhining glories,
Thy faith will be confirm'd, and thou acknowledge
I ventur'd much to keep my Heart thy ſervant.

Roſ. I know not what to ſay; is not the Queen
Diſpleas'd?

Ferd.

Ferd. She is, but cunningly disguiseth
Her passion to the World; but I forgot
What must inlarge my fears of her revenge
If thou be known *Rosania.*

Ros. Lose that fear,
I am still safe, and now I see the cause
Makes her repent her favours, and thy greatness;
Forgive me *Ferdinand*, and yet I know not,
All is not well, ther's poyson in this Balsom
Prepar'd for thee.

Ferd. From whom?

Ros. Rosania.

Ferd. When she shall but consent to have me dye,
She shall not trouble poyson to send off
My despis'd life, my soul in just obedience
To her command will take a cheerfull flight
In hope to serve her in the other World.

Ros. You shall know more hereafter, and let this
Secure your thoughts, she yet beleeves me what
This shape presents, but without wise prevention,
I fear I shall not live too long conceal'd;
I dare not say her honour is a bleeding,
But a Queen thus distasted may not find
That Ice within her bloud; we are interrupted.

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodri. Your pardon Sir; 'tis the Queens pleasure
This Gentleman attend her in the Gallery.

Ferd. He shall wait her commands—— *Ex. Rodri.*
I know not what to counsell, 'tis not safe
Sweet to neglect her, yet my fears of some
Ill fate, are round about me like a mist,
And dark my understanding; let a kiss
And silence teach our souls some new discourse.

Capt. Why here's a volume of Intelligence

I'l ſtay no longer to expect the Prince,
But ſeek him out immediatly; diſguiſes?
King by your leave, I ſhall untruſs your Miſtreſs. *Ex*
Roſa. I know not what I feel, nor what to fear,
If love e'r meant a Tragedie; 'tis here.
Ferd. If we ne'r meet agen, one more ſalute
Shall fortifie our lives by joyning breath,
Nor ſhall our laſt hard fate deny us this,
To change our faithfull Souls at our laſt kiſs. *Exeunt*
ſeverally.

ACT. IV.

Enter Rodriguez, Leandro, Erneſto.

Erneſt. I Know not what to think on't, but if I
Have any ſenſe, there is ſome new ſtate madneſs
Crept into Court.
Rodri. Are we not all a ſleep,
And theſe fine dreams perplex us?
Leand. No 'tis waking.
Rod. Shew me the tenth part of a reaſon why
The Queen did Marry him.
Lea. 'Twas deſtinie.
Erneſt. Why ſince ſhould he be melancholy?
Rod. Or ſhe ſo humorus?
Erneſt. Not lie together? pray Heaven the Gentleman
Be found with no defective title in him.
Leand. Obſerve her favours to that Boy, he was
His ſervant, now her minion. I like not
Theſe violent wheels; the whole frame may be ſoon
Indanger'd, if theſe paſſions be not cur'd.
Rod. New lodgings for him, neer her own, and he
Given

Given free acceſs to the Bed-chamber.
Leand. 'Tis naught
Or will be ſo, I pittie the good King;
Though ſhe have rais'd him to the higheſt glorie
Her power extended too, yet to make this height
His precipice, and throw him into ſcorn,
Nay poyſon the beſt hopes he had of honour,
And love from her, and in his ſight to Court
A Boy, his ſervant? It would vex the beſt
Of all our tempers, if we felt the ſting on't.

Enter Roſania and Violinda (paſſing over the Stage.)

Er. He's here, that Lady is the Queens Cabinet.
Lean. They are merry about the Mouth.
Er. Another ſummons?
'Tis poſſible the Queen may Marry him too.
Lean. There is ſome myſterie we cannot reach.
If we doe well remember, ther's a Law
Made by her ſelf, as ſoon as ſhe was Queen,
To keep Wifes Pulſes temperat, and correct
The inſolent Bloud of Women that had Husbands.
Er. And Men were not exempted.
Leand. I ſay no more.
But Heaven maintain the Law, and the Law-makers,
And conjure down that Devill,
'Tis the King and the ſmooth Boy, lets leave 'em.
Exeunt Lords.

Enter Ferdinand, and Roſania.

Ferd. Was this the Ladies Meſſage? does the Queen
Take thee into ſuch favour?
Roſa. I tell truth,
And though it ſound but ill on the Queens part,
Becauſe ſhe thinks me what I ſeem my Lord,

You

You need not to wear one Cloud upon your Face
When you remember who I am, my fears
Are thick upon my Heart, how to ſecure
This ſhadow any longer.

Ferd. That afflicts
Me moſt *Roſania*, for it pleaſes me
To hear ſhe can affect thee; but what way
To keep her expectation high, and thee
(My deareſt) ſafe? her paſſions may be violent.

Roſa. They are already Sir, if I miſtake not;
I wiſh to Heaven that you were reconcil'd
To do the office of a Husband to her,
That peace would keep her Boſom clear, and I
Should live to all the World except your ſelf
A ſtranger ſtill.

Ferd. What language ſpeaks *Roſania*?
Ther's death in every ſyllable; ſhould I
Obey what thou deſir'ſt, and do the office
Of a Husband, ha?

Roſa. I'l wait upon you ſtill,
And hope you will vouchſafe me now and then
A harmleſs ſmile; her beauty will deſerve
Your whole heart, and ther's ſomething in the memory
Of what ſhe has advanc'd you to, will help
To make you kind.

Ferd. Should I injoy the Queen?
Becauſe the miſery of my fate compeld
A ceremonious ſin? ſhall I betray
The eſſence of my faith, and leave a curſe,
When thou art known, upon my name for ever?
If thou haſt taken new reſolves againſt me,
Puniſh my heart ſome other way; had ſhe
More ornament than ever met in woman,
Miſtreſs of more perfection, than Poets
Invented for the Queen of love, to this
Were the proud Empire of the World her own,

And

And ſhe would make me Lord of her, and theſe,
It would not buy me to the pleaſure of
One Nights embrace, my body ſhall not carry
My ſoul ſo far aſtray; the Man condemnd
To live in a perpetuall Snow, hath not
A purer Froſt within his blood.
Roſa. This but
Ingenders a new grief, although it bind
Roſanias Heart, there is yet one way left
And that ere I pronounce you muſt forgive;
There is a trembling in my tongue, and I
Already feel ſuch Winter in my breath,
My timorous Lips do wither.
Ferd. Do not fright
My Soul too much ther's ſomething thteatens me
So like a loſs of theſe, that I am left
A peece of ſhaking Earth, death cannot look
To make me tremble ſo; canſt thou forſake me?
Roſ. Not in my Heart, but give my body leave
To ſeek ſome other place my Lord to dwell in.
When I am gone into ſome wilderneſs,
You will find eaſe at Heart, and love the Queen,
And perfect all; I'l pray you may live happy,
And hold Intelligence with ſome gentle Winds
That ſhall convey my wiſhes and return
What joys do follow you; the purling Rivers
I'l teach your name, and they which glide this way
Shall bring thee ſomething *Ferdinand* of mine;
My tears I know will not be loſt, which I
Will ſend thee daily by the courteous ſtream,
Clear pledges of my faith; conſent my Lord
I may depart and you ſhall chooſe your way,
To every bleſſing here.
Ferd. Not till we meet
With one embrace, and take our flight together;
And I have thought a way to perfect it,

Obſerve

Obſerve my ſweet *Roſania*, the Queen
Thou ſayſt affects thee, cheriſh it, with all
The ſoftneſs of her creature; if ſhe allow,
Kiſs her, and promiſe what young lovers doe,
Examine not, but by thy love to me
Be free in amorous language, if ſhe have
Heat to a private meeting in her Chamber,
Obey, this ſhall ſecure our loves ambition.
Enquire not, but reſolve, and let me know
The time.

Roſ. You will attempt no violence
Upon the Queen?

Ferd. By this—— *Kiſſes her.*

Roſ. What if ſhe have commanded me
This Night?

Ferd. To meet?

Roſ. In her Bed-Chamber. *Ferd.* Ha! obey it.

Roſ. At a late hour.

Ferd. It ſhall beget our comfort
If thou conſent.

Roſa. But ſhall I not expoſe
My ſelf to danger, if her love perſue
Immodeſt ends, ſince you adviſe I ſhould
Apply my ſelf to her deſires?

Ferd. If ſhe
Take too much flame, by ſome ſoft art delay her,
Till I come to cloſe all; keep ſtill thy perſon
Secret, the leaſt diſcovery will deſtroy
Us both; the Evening with much haſt prepares
Thy viſit and our happineſs.

Roſa. I'l obey,
But be you ſure to come.

Ferd. Loſe thou no time
Now to indear thee to her, let us part
Love will find balm to cure the wounded Heart.

Exeunt ſeverally

A Table, and Lights, ſet out, then
Enter Queen, and Violinda.

Que. Was he not cheerfull when he promis'd thee?
Viol. He was, and he was not.
Que. I have a ſtrange apprehenſion, and this doth feed it.
Viol. I told him 'twas an honour worth his joyfull entertainment.
Que. If it ſhould prove ſucceſsfull, my revenge
Were perfect, I'm reſolute to perſue——
Viol. It makes well
For your contrivement that the King and you do
Lodge at diſtance—ſtay, I hear a tread.
Que. I hope 'tis he.
Enter Leonario.
Viol. Prince *Leonario* Madam.
Que. What comes he for?
Leon. Although I have ſmall expectation
For my own ſake, that you can pardon Madam
This bold acceſs, and at ſo dark an hour,
Yet when you have heard my buſineſs, You will know
Your ſelf ſo much concern'd, I'l not deſpair
To find your mercy.
Que. You prepare me for
Something of conſequence.
Leon. Pleaſe you to diſmiſs
Your Ladie, I have ſomething to deliver
Wo'not become her knowledge.
Que. Leave us——now, *Ex. Violinda.*
Our conference is free, your Graces pleaſure?
It muſt be matter of much eſſence, that
Could not expect till morning, but y'ar welcome.
Leon. This time and darkneſs Madam beſt becomes him,
Who for your ſake bluſhes to ſee the Day,
But I came not to chide, my wrongs have learn'd
A modeſt ſilence, my approach is not

To

To name a ſuffering of mine, but to
Diſcover what already is prepar'd
Againſt your peace and honour.
Que. Is it treaſon?
Leon. It is, but threatens not your life, you may
Live many years upon the wound.
Que. You fright me.
Leon. Loſe not the beauty of your cheek ſo ſoon,
Hide not beneath that cold and killing Snow,
One Roſie bluſh, and yet that pale would ſhew
Like Innocence which you have loſt; oh Madam
Had you not made a forfet of your truth
To me, no ſtorm could ſhake you, but your ſoul
That made no change, could know no fear; I come
To tell you what juſt providence hath done
In my revenge, your breach of vow is puniſh'd
With loſs of faith in him to whom you gave
The Heart you promis'd me, the King, whoſe pride
You built on my diſhonour, is as falſe,
As you were.
Que. This is paſſion but be
Not yet too raſh in cenſuring him. Whom I
Have plac'd ſo neer, I muſt defend, nor will
He need my ſtrength, to make their blood account
That dare traduce his honour; he has a Heart—
Leon. A falſe one. I was born without a fear,
And dare upon his boſom (wear he worth
The manly conteſtation,) write him perjur'd.
Que. I would this were not envy; but admit
He be thus guiltie, 'tis a fault in him.
Leon. No Madam, it is yours; that ſin that poyſond
The expectation of my joys in you,
Hath made him falſe, and will excuſe his ſtorie,
When you are nam'd that broke your faith to me;
I can have no hope now to be repair'd,
But if it be worth memorie to know

The

The triumph waits on Innocence, the World
Shall say the Queen deserv'd to meet a scorn
Deep as her wrongs to me.

Que. It cannot be.

Leon. Think so, and help to make the revenge greater,
Till the winds catch the black report and multiply
The shame, by scattering it about the Kingdom,
Sit still, and careless of your fame, incourage
His private lust, his Mistress now in Court.

Que. A Mistris in the Court?

Leon. Yes Madam, in the Court.
And may one day think any second place
Too narrow to contain her greatness, she —

Que. As y'ar a Prince no more; I have done ill,
And find the penance here. It does agree
With his neglects, and addes new flame to my
Young jealousie: I feel a tempest rising;
By all your goodness leave me Sir; I cannot
Now right you more than mourn, and give belief to you.
No more I pray you, by all your love to honour.

Leon. I ha' done,
And take my leave, my everlasting leave,
'Tis time; how like the day, that flatterd us
With cheerfull light, are my desires fled hence,
And left me here a prodigie of darkness,
A walking Herse, hung round about with night,
Whose wings must one day cover all? farewell.
If any Star look forth, it is to call
Me hence, and light me to another World.
Our Lips are never like to meet agen. *Kisses*
Farewell, if I but stay, I shall forgive her. *Exit.*

Que. A Mistress in the Court? something is busie
About my Heart.

Enter Violinda.

Viol. The Prince is gone.

Que. No matter.

Affronted

Affronted thus? but I forgot to ask
Her name that rivals me; how this passion
Befools our understanding, and prevents
The knowledge, and the cure of what afflicts us!
The Morning will assure all; but shall this
Strike me to ashes? I may find a way
To my revenge.

Enter Violinda.

Viol. *Tiberio* is come Madam.
Que. Wait carefully.
Viol. I know my dutie.

Enter Rosania: (Kneels and Kisses her Hand.)

Que. Rise,
This meeting was not meant for ceremony,
Ther's something in this presence will deserve
We should put off all state, and speak like friends.
You must be cover'd too. I'l have it so.
We are private now.
Rosa. These graces will
Undoe a youth, whose birth, and careless Stars
Ordain'd him to be humble, and with dutie
Wait on your meanest servant.
Que. Thou shalt soon have cause
To think thy Stars are carefull of thee, if
Thou canst be wise.
Rosa. Alas! my years are few.
Que. Thy knowledge is not wanting to distinguish
Whose favours Court thee, and apply thy self
To understand, and thank the kind bestower;
'Tis in my power to make thee great.
Rosa. You may
Advance this worthless walking shadow Madam,
And when you like the free and bounteous Sun
Have blest me with your rayes, it is but like

His

His glorious warmth bestow'd upon a peece
Of rude and barren Earth, which takes not from
The lustre of your Beams, but shews more clearly,
By your own light, what poverty you shin'd on.
Quee. This modesty becomes you not, look in
My eie, and read what's there.
Rosa. Some thing like anger,
Enough to strike me dead.
Quee. What now?
Rosa. A smile,
And such attending sweetness—
Quee. Thus it shall
Invite thee still to gaze, and love, *Tiberio*,
No frown shall point on thee; I finde my eyes
Were meant for thee, and all they grac'd before,
But objects of mistake. Here, here, O turn
Thy lovely face away, left I be seen
To blush, my heart hath chose to place my love
And the reward; this would become thy tongue
A great deal better, Come sit down *Tiberio*.
What still an Infants understanding? Think
I am the man, and learn a little better,
What beauty dwells upon this hand, What softness,
How like the Snow, or Innocence it shews,
Yet fires my heart with every gentle touch.
Rosa. Dear Madam; would the King would come!
Que. This is a happiness that Kings should sue for,
And yet there are poor comforts in these Kisses;
Let hands preserve Societie with hands,
And with their change of whiteness, and of Balm,
Make wealthy one another: But let what
Was mean't for kisses meet, and finde out pleasure
By warm exchange of souls from our soft lips. *Kisses.*
Madam, how like you this?
Rosa. Madam.
Que. I suppose you a Lady all this while,

And I the man, our lips must meet again,
Will this instruct thee nothing?

Ros. Gracious Madam.

Que. And yet this recreation comes short,
Dear Lady, of what love might well allow us.
Admit you are a Queen, you are not bound
To thin your Royal Blood with frost, but as
Your power, your pleasure should exceed; nay grant
You have a man (a man said I) that can
Keep love alive, and warm a yielding bosom,
Yet where from the invitement of your eie,
And amorous choice, I am become your servant,
You may be a little kinder.

Rosa. Madam, I know not
How with the safetie of my self, my dutie,
And your own name and power, to understand you,
(Yet this to some would need but little Comment)
Can you place such a value on a thing
That not deserves to breath your name? Or should
I hope these charms of Language you have spred
To catch my heart, which hath no wings, but where
It can believe; For you transcend so much
In wonder of your love, a willing Faith
Not easily can reach it. But dear Madam,
I know all this is but to try my duty,
And you have pleas'd to choose me forth, to make
These silent hours more grateful, by the mirth
My weak replies may raise you.

Que. Miracle!
I but imagin'd thee a woman, now
I shall believe thee one indeed; this coldness
Becomes no masculine habit. Come, we'll in,
And change our Sexes; Thou shalt wear my clothes,
And I will put on these, help on with thine,
And I will dress thee handsomely, and then
We'll act again.

Rosa.

Ros. Not for the world dear Madam, Not yet come?
Que. The world? This confirms my jealousie.
I'll search you to the soul, *Adonis* come,
I'll call thee so, and court thee with more charm
Than *Venus* did, when in the *Idalian* Groves
To buy a kiss, she offer'd the proud Boy
Her flaming Chariot, and her Doves of Snow.
'Tis in thy power to make thy fate and heart
More happy by consent to meet with mine;
Tempt not the anger of a Queen despis'd,
Whose breath can like a whirl-wind snatch thee up,
And drop thee in a Wilderness, where with sorrow
For thy neglect, thou by degrees maist sigh
Thy self into a Mist, which no Sun-beam
Shall pitie or take up into a Cloud.
But love me, and compose thy heart to mine,
Wee'l live with more delight, than fancie can
Inrich *Elizium* with. The soft hours shall stay
Till we allow 'em Wings, and while we kiss
And on each others Lips breath Incense thus,
Wee'l have ten thousand *Cupids* for our guard,
Whose Bows shall awe the destinies, and we write
The King and Queen of Fate.

Enter Ferdinand, Leandro, Rodriguez, Ernesto, *Captain, Guard.*

Ferd. Will this deserve your faith?
Leand. We must believe.
Enter Violinda.
Viol. We are undone, the King.
Que. False Keys?
Ros. 'Twas time to come.
Ferd. Had I not cause, my Lords, to appear sad,
When I suspected this so great affront?
My melancholy all this while was but

A mourning for this ſhame: Look but my Lords
Into your ſelves, and make this ſuffering yours.
Viol. Madam be rais'd again, I have an art
To fetch you off with honor, and the youth too.
I will perſwade him there can be no cure
In this extream. but to pretend himſelf
A woman; I will dreſs him in your Gown
Before they can be ware on't; they all know
This way he cannot flie, mean time put on
A confidence, and let them know you are
The Queen, not to be ſhaken with their power;
This will gain time.
Que. Proſper in this.
Viol. I will
Redeem my fault, or never ſleep again.

Exit with Roſania.

Ferd. She bluſhes not.
Were ſhe not Queen, what names could we beſtow
Upon this want of modeſty?
Leand. 'Tis plain.
We came in time.
Ferd. Moſt happily to prevent
Some further act of ſhame; can ſhe look on us
Without a bluſh?
Que. I ſee no ſuch attraction
In your ſtate faces, that I ſhould deſire
Much to look on 'em. Who made you King I pray?
Ferd. Your power, I dare not call it love, preſuming
That I was fit to be your property,
Without a ſoul to ſee, or have a ſenſe
Of theſe diſhonors; This rank heat of blood,
Madam, what penitence can make this clear?
Admit your thoughts were wanton, and your flame,
Too great to be ſuppreſt, could you finde none

For

For your adulterate embrace, but one
That was my ſervant? my own hound devour me?
As if your luſt had not enough of ſhame
And miſchief to me, but your malice muſt
Appear in't too; with what ſecuritie
Can I expect to live, when ſhe begins
So ſoon to poyſon me?
Leand. We heard her ſay
They two would write themſelves the King and Queen.
Rod. So we did all.
Ferd. You may conſider theſe.
Leand. 'Tis impious
Madam with what grief do we
Remember now that Law you made
After your Corronation to preſerve
The name of your ſex chaſt, which gave our Hearts
Hope of your bleſſed progreſs; you made it death
To ſtain the Marriage-bed; where ſhall we expect
The life of that good act, when you begin
A breach of chaſtitie by ſo black example?
If the King urge an Execution
Of what our vote confirm'd by yours impos'd
Upon the kingdom, you ſhould prove your ſelf
More innocent, or give us cauſe to mourn
This fall from virtue
Er. Madam we grieve for you.
Que So, ſo, have your great wiſdoms ſaid all yet?
I laugh at you (poor things) and am ſo far
From trembling at your thunder, that I pitty you;
And firſt I'l let you know you ſelves, you are
I take it all my ſubjects, I will not
Exempt you Sir, ſince Marriage takes not off
My Intereſt, and Eſſence here, all ſtrength
Flowing from me, and your Derivative ſhine
Extinct, when I frown you to darkneſs; by
What power dare you take an accompt of me?

That am above your Laws, which muſt obey
Me, as their Soul, and Dye when I forſake 'em?
But I will reaſon coolely, and admit
They live in force; 'gainſt whom? are you ſo ſhallow,
To think we that created, and decreed 'em
For vulgar reformation, muſt be ſquard
And Levell'd by 'em, as we meant to loſe
Our Character and diſtinction, and ſtoop
Toth' common file of ſubjects? this were policy!
I ſpeak not this with ſenſe of any guilt,
So to decline it, for I here defie you,
And bring an Innocence ſhall ſtrike a bluſh
Upon your Souls; that ſinn'd in my ſuſpition. *Aſide.*
Ferd. Where is the Boy? *Erneſto* take him to
Your cuſtodie, and bid him not deſpair,
I have contriv'd the reſt.

Enter Roſania (like a Woman) and Violinda.

Er. He's here.
Viol. Take it upon you, if it come to ſearching
Wee'l find a Jurie.
Capt. You are deceiv'd my Lord, with your good pardon,
He is not here.
Er. Who is not here?
Capt. The he you do expect;
And your Officious Ladyſhip might well
Have ſpar'd your pains, to put on all this trim.
Ferd. What means the fellow?
Capt. 'Tis no news to your Sir.
I could have told the Queen before, and you
My honourable Lords, this was no Boy,
Though now he would but ſeem o'th' tother ſex.
I knew her name.
Roſ. My name?
Capt. Are not you call'd *Roſania*?
Ferd. Ha! betraid?

Capt.

Capt. Yes indeed is ſhe, you were preſent Sir
I'th' Garden when this fine Hermophrodite
Declar'd what ſex was hid behind the Breeches,
And this I certified the Prince before.
Que. Now 'tis clear.
Capt. There are ſome tokens too I can remember,
As kiſſes, and excuſe for marrying with
The Queen, a Virgin ſtill, *&c.*
Omnes. A Woman?
Viol. But are you a Woman indeed?
Capt. And now my Lords, if you have Hearts that are
Honeſt and daring, come about agen,
For this is but a cunning piece of treaſon,
Againſt your Faith, and the Queens honour.
Ferd. We are both loſt *Roſania.*
Capt. 'Tis truth, or take my Head off.
Que. You do believe this transformation,
And know this Ladie, my good Lord, I did
Suſpect before the cauſe of your neglects,
And meeting with ſome dark Intelligence
From the Prince, to perfect this diſcovery,
Did in my Chamber wooe with apteſt forms
Of Love, to trie how long the ſex would be
Conceal'd; you heard a part, and ſee us kiſs,
And came in time with theſe wiſe Noblemen
To prevent further acts of ſhame.
Rodri. I'ſt poſſible?
Roſa. It was an ill contrivement to make me
Proof of the Queens diſhonour.
Er. An apparent Plot
Againſt the life and honour of the Queen,
Since he would urge that Law maliciouſly
Againſt her, knowing this to be a Woman,
And his cloſe ſtrumpet.
Rodri. The ſame Law muſt be
Their tryall.

Leand. What a change is here already?
Que. You muſt not Lords deny me Juſtice.
Rodri. 'Tis inſufferable
Againſt a common perſon.
Er. Let his firſt
Treaſon, if you think good Madam, be urg'd
In accuſation.
Leand. So, ſo.
Que. You did us ſervice Captain.
Capt. I am bound too't, heres more news for the Prince.
Que. Uſe your pleaſures. *Exit.*
Rod. What need we circūſtance, let him dye to morrow.
Que. Death will be mercie to ſo much ingratitude,
Command them both to ſeverall cuſtodies.
The morning ſhall behold 'em dead——
Roſ. Now more loſt then ever.
Exeunt. Manent. Ferd. Roſ. & Guard.
Ferd. Pray lets take
Short leave of one another, 'tis in vain
To reaſon againſt providence, or ſay
We might ha' liv'd; though I muſt dye, and after
Be hid in my obſcureſt name, and ſhade,
I muſt declare whoſe blood they will profane
In bleeding thee; farewell, our laſt, laſt kiſs.
My heart would fain come to thee, I will make it
My humble ſute with my laſt breath it may
Be quickly ſent thee.
Roſa. We ſhall both meet, when
This duſt falls off, and our ſouls kiſs agen. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V.

Enter Leandro, Rodriguez, Erneſto, Servants with Lights.

Er. MY Lord you tell us wonders, 'tis high time
To open ſuch a myſterie.
Rodri. This change
Will exceed all, and ſo convincing are
The circumſtances of this great diſcovery
They do command our faith.
Er. And you ſhall ſteer us.
Leand. Then let us loſe no time; oh my good Lords,
Did you but feel the torment of my boſome,
Till I diſcharge the duty, which ſo long
Hath ſlept in his concealment, you would call
For wings to flye, and think all motion tedious;
For Heavens ſake lets make haſt, that we prevent
The morning, which will riſe upon this knowledge
With cheerfull beams, and put on all his glory.
Er. Moſt gladly we attend. *Exeunt.*

A Table and Taper ſet out.
Enter Ferdinand (with a book in his Hand.)

Ferd. I have no Heart to think of any thing
But my *Roſania*, all devotion,
When I remember her, flyes off, and leaves
My ſoul no contemplation but her ſafety;
They were too cruell to divide us, night
It ſelf looks now more black by this dim taper;
Roſania's eyes would brighten all, but they
Weigh'd down with ſleep, and ſorrow, are perhaps
At reſt, a thouſand Angels watch about 'em;
And let ſome one who's office is to wait

On

On harmleſs love, preſent me to her dreams;
O let her hear me often call upon her,
As I am led to death, and when the ſtroke
Divides me from my ſelf, and from the World,
My Heart ſhall pay her tribute, and my blood
Do miracles, when every Crimſon drop
My Body bleeds, ſhall not in vain be wept,
But fall into ſome Letter of her name,
To keep alive our ſtory.

Enter two Servants (with Torches) Leandro, Erneſto, Rodriguez.

What lights are theſe?
This place ſure is not wont to be thus viſited.
They are ſpirits, ha! yet if I have a memory
Thoſe Faces were but late familiar to me.

They Kneel.

What mockery is this? if you be ſubſtances
Of things I know, go tell the Tyrant Queen
She might allow me death without this ſcorn,
This jeering Antimaſque.

Omnes. Long live the King.

Ferd. What King?

Omnes. Long live *Ferdinand* King of *Murcia.*

Ferd. A dream, a golden dream. What fancies wait
Upon our ſleep? and yet I wake, they are
Apparitions, I'l ſhut my eyes, and loſe 'em.
They wo'not vaniſh. *Leandro, Rodriguez, Erneſto?*

Omnes. All your ſubjects. (and be

Leand. Collect your ſcatterd thoughts my Lord,
Aſſur'd, we now pay reall duties to you,
You are our King, and muſt be.

Ferd. Who ſays ſo?

Leand. I, whoſe cold fear, and frailty,
When fate of War had made you Priſoner,
Conceal'd the truth, and Juſtice of your title,

'Twas

Twas I that sav'd you from your Uncles fury
And sent you to *Valentia*, while I cozen'd
The kingdom with your death, till time might ripen
Your challenge to the scepter; if you can
Find mercy to a treason, great as this,
I'l live, and study how to merit pardon.

Ferd. Rise, rise all,
And if you be *Leandro*, pray come neerer.

Rod. Pray Heav'n this unexpected happiness
Meet with no extasie, all senses are
Not arm'd for such extremes of Joy.

Er. The Queen,
When she finds this, will fall into a Feaver,
By instinct her Head must ake this very minute.

Rod. And shake too, for the Crown is tottering.

Ferd. Pardon? thou shouldst divide the kingdom with me.
But do all these believe it, will you not,
When I make second claim, deny me agen?
Call me Impostor?

Leand. Sir forgive that first,
And I'l not ask Heaven pardon for my next
Deniall, let death threaten all his stings;
And I have satisfied these Lords so well,
They are confirm'd in your just claim, and person.

Rod. Er. We lay our lives and fortunes at your feet.

Ferd. I may command you then, fetch me *Rosania*;
I'l be no King without her; do not stay
To hear how much I love her 'bove the Crown,
And all the glories wait upon it, she
That was my Page, my fellow Prisoner, *Rosania*.

Exit Rodrig.

'Tis that name next to Heaven I bow too.
Good my Lord follow him, and if she be
Awake, oh drop it gently by degrees,
(The joy is mighty, she a sad weak Virgin)

That

That I ſhall live to make her Queen. *Exit Erneſt*
Stay you, and if I play too much the wanton with
My fate, or ſwell with expectation,
Speak ſomething to allay my hopes, and ſay
There may be croſſes yet, the Queen may want
Faith or conſent, or put caſe the people
(A dangerous torrent to oppoſe) like not
This Innovation, where is the King then?

Leand. Doubt not their Loves, you had their Hearts before;
Let nothing ſhake you.

Enter Roſania, Erneſto, Rodriguez.

Ferd. Th'art my better Angell.
Why then if my *Roſania* will be Queen,
The kingdoms ours agen; ſhe comes, ſhe comes.
Thou mak'ſt too little haſt to be a Queen.
I am my ſelf agen, my name is found,
I ſhall live to, thus to embrace *Roſania*
Without a fear, theſe Lords are all thy ſubjects,
I am a King.

Leand. You are.

Ferd. Then what muſt my *Roſania* be?

Roſ. Happy, if this be more
Than dream, my tears and ſufferings are all paid for
If this be true.

Leand. Moſt true.

Roſ. What a ſtrong arm
Hath Heaven?

Ferd. See how the Day hath made
Haſt to ſalute *Roſania*, and to wait
Upon thy triumph, bluſhes like a Maid
When ſhe is told ſhe is in Love, the Stars
Are gone to tell the other World, thy beauty,
Till now Ecclips'd with ſorrow, hath thrown off

The

he impriſoning veil, and ſhines above their bright-
ut how ſhall we *Leandro* now contrive (neſs.
or our Court entertainment, where the Queens
repar'd to hear our Tragedy?

Leand. Leave me
o order your appearance; but firſt Sir,
Ve muſt ſecure this Fort.

Er. The Captain is
ly creature.

Ferd. Thou ſhalt be all our direction.
ome my *Roſania*, time hath turn'd a gen
our Glaſs, and his keen ſith this comfort brings,
t cuts no ſcepters down but to make Kings.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonario (reading a Letter,) and Soldier.

Leon. So neer?

Sold. We heard before of your affront
ly Lord, and were prepar'd.

Leon. It hath outſtrip'd my expectation,
heſe Letters ſay
Mendoza is their Generall new return'd
Vith victory from the *Moores*; his fame I honour,
ly knowledge never reach'd his perſon.

Sold. Sir, he brings old Soldiers with him, the Commanders
re ſuch, whoſe faith and valor in thoſe Wars
lready tried, he durſt name to the King
o be employ'd here in your highneſs cauſe.

Leand. We will to Horſe immediatly. I long
o ſalute the Army.

Sold. Which but wants your perſon
he Soul of their deſign; you may ſoon reach 'em.

Enter Captain.

Leon. I will.

Capt. Your Grace.

Leon.

Leon. That we had wings, away, to Horſe, to Horſe

Exeunt Leon. Sold.

Capt. Speed, and you be ſo hot o'th' ſpur, my buſineſs
Is but breath, and your deſign it ſeems rides poſt.

Enter Lieutenant and Antient.

The Earth runs upon wheels; whom do I ſpy?
My extraordinaries, I'l ha' ſport with them,
But firſt obſerve 'em.

Lieut. I ſee no profit in theſe offices
That we ha' brought.

Ant. Not extraordinary, as the name did promiſe

Capt. The Rogues are poor, and now repent.

Ant. We were told by the cheating Captain
That we ſhould want Men to tell our money.

Lieut. This 'tis to deal with *Soldades*.

Ant. We ſhould command the Ladies too, and we
Were bountifull, a ſmall Pox take their beauties,
'Tis the greater curſe, I have undone
My ſelf in giving away enameld Rings
And Bracelets.

Lieut. Well, if I truſt a Captain agen.

Ant. Or I.

Capt. I'm glad they are payd; I wo'not leave 'em
I feel my antipathy ſtrong yet.

Ant. I would venture half my ſoul to be reveng'd
If I knew how.

Capt. True Raſcals!

Lieut. The Ladies love him.

Ant. They all Love Men of War.

Lieu. Would his poop were a fire.

Ant. And Battels in Bed naturally.

Lieu. Well, what Ladies give him hereafter to buy
new Feathers, may his body compell him to beſtow
upon a Surgeon.

Ant. May Diſeaſes undermine his Fleſh like Gun-
powder,

An

And blow all his skin up into blisters.

Lieu. May they that look for his Nose, go about for want of a ridge, and let him wear no Legs but what he buyes from the Carpenter.

Ant. May his face break out, and undo him in taffata, and may the patches at the last be so many, till his skin be invisible, and his goggle eyes look through a Mask.

Lieu. May he live to be as much coward as we ha' been, and be beaten!

Ant. Abominably beaten, and may the miracle be on our side, that we may be valiant, and be the Men to doe it, oh I would have no more mercy.——

Capt. Save you Gallants, save you Courtiers.

Both. My noble Captain.

Ant. It may be he did not hear us. (lately?

Capt. Hark you, what purchase have you two made

Both. Of what? (say,

Capt. Of Lands and loggerheads, Lordships I would know you are both rich, you cannot choose,
But I will borrow no more o' you, faith besatisfied and leave off in time with the wealth you have.

Lieu. Where is it Captain?

Ant. Can you tell where we may borrow as much money upon our extraordinary places, as will set up shop agen? For this Court trade wo'not do.

Capt. How?

Lieu. No indeed Captain, we ha' made little benefit since we came to be extraordinaries.

Capt. Ye took not the right way then.

Ant. That may be.

Capt. Why, cannot you lie, and swear, and pawn your souls for six pence, the Devill could not furnish the City with two more hopefull *Borachios*. You have a Carrot-colourd Beard, and that never fails, and your worships face is a prognostication of preferment

Is

Is a Prognostication of preferment, where
Beside Dominicall Letters, you have all the
Conjuring Characters of the Planets.
But all this is your cunning, to dissemble your estates.

Lieu. By this empty pocket, I have but one Shirt (left.

Capt. You jeast y'faith.

Ant. And by all my no money, I have but half a one

Capt. Come, come, you took up linnen lately, I (heard
You did.

Ant. I, smocks.

Capt. Why they are in fashion with extraordinary Courtiers.
But if you be in earnest, I can tell, where you
May furnish your selves richly.

Both. Where? where?

Capt. W'y in the Shops for ready money, but you (would
Save charges.

Ant. I marry Captain.

Capt. Venture to rob a hedge, it is but hanging,
And whats that to men extraordinary?
But if your wants be reall, be not dejected,
I'l set you up agen my self, I have been
Beholding to you two for your good words
And wishes Gentlemen.

Lieu. It pleases you to say so, I begin
To smell.——

Ant. Not to us Captain, we have been beholding to you.

Capt. And it happens, as if fortune had made you miserable
A purpose, to bless you both with such a preferment, as wo'not be offerd agen in a Coronation.

Lieu. On good Captain, for we are extraordinary miserable.

Capt. Then observe; you are not ignorant how things go at Court, the King is in prison.

Ant.

Ant. So.

Capt. And his wench with him that walk'd in Breeches; The Queen resolves they shall both dye.

Ant. Good.

Capt. This morning too; now in regard the King is a person of qualitie——

Lieu. I think he be.

Capt. And the tother a Lady, as some imagine, you two may do very well to undertake now——

Both. Any thing.

Capt. To be a couple of Hangmen: d'ee mark? to dispatch the Queens enemies in what horrid way, her counsell shall think convenient, you will do service to the State, and have extraordinary rewards; besides the honour and reputation of your places; what say? 'tis my pure love to make this first offer to you.

Ant. Do we look like a couple of Hangmen?

Capt. No, you ha' not so good a complexion; and now I think on't you sha'not live to have that preferment; come, draw you that wear your Sword like a Bum-baly, do as I bid you, and that quickly.

Ant. It wo'not come out Sir——

Cap. No.—this shall in then——

Ant. I will put more strength to't.

Capt. So, now, d'ee mark—kill one another.

Both. Kill one another?

Capt. Yes, and doo't religiously, with as much alacrity as you would devour an Orphan: and do't handsomly, that you may not be hangd when you are dead. I'l see't done, he that is dull shall have my goad to quicken him:—— *They fight.* So, good, good agen, well offer'd—they fight by these Hilts Furiously, now cou'd I forgive 'em—so, enough.

Lieu. This is very fine sport.

Capt. Necessity has taught 'em the noble science, come, if all fail, you shall fight challenges; ther's mony and

broken Pates to be got that way, you can make legs, and gape like Gudgins for benevolence, cut ſcurvy capers, to ſhew your Legs are well, when your Head bleeds; farewell; ſtay, you want money, I had forgot, there is twelve pence apiece for you.

Both. How Captain? I hope not.

Capt. They are not hearty yet, they think I ſerve 'em with Preſs money agen; no, tis my pure bountie. Go, ſet up agen, and truſt Souldiers, without impertinent asking for your debts; they'l pay you.

Ant. As you ha' done.

Capt. I'l hearken how you behave you ſelves, farewell. When you are rich, I'l viſit you agen, and borrow money.

Lieu. Too much is too much; humh.

Ant. Now have I a great mind to fight with your Captainſhip.

Lieu. So have I, now my Hands in, methinks 'tis nothing.

Capt. You are not deſperate?

Ant. We are a little better, as good be Hang'd for killing of you Captain, as live after the rate of our diſgrace. I am reſolv'd. (too't.

Capt. Two Maſtives at once may worry me. I am put

They fight.

Muſt we have tother 'bout. (time.

Ant. This is enough at once we may come too't in

Capt. Why now I love you, love you, as well as you do Law.

Ant. Upon good terms we love you too. (agen.

Capt. Let's ſhake Hands, you ſha'not to your vomit Now you dare fight, I'l tell you a hundred wayes to get moneys, come, wee'l drink and divide fortunes, Run not back into cows agen.

Ant. I'l be Antient now agen.

Lieu. And I Lieutenant.

Capt. Both my own Boyes.

Ant. 'Tis not ſo hard to fight I ſee, if a Man be but deſperate, and give his mind too't. *Lieu.*

Lieu. Pox a Cowards; come Captain.
Capt. Let me hug ye my brace of *Mirmidons*,
And drink a Tun of Wine to this converſion. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queen, Violinda.

Que. The Prince ſo early met upon the way
This morning ſayſt? and with a Souldier?
Vio. And in that haſt too, Madam, I was told
The ſpeed of Wings was ſlow, their fiery Horſe
Bathing in foam, yet fled as if they meant
To leave the Wind, and Clouds behind 'em.
Que. Strange!
I could have wiſh'd him with leſs diſcontent
To have left us, but my ſtubborn fate deſign'd it;
Having thus ſnatch'd away himſelf, it will
Become us to compoſe, and make the beſt
Of our State game; I ſent a Meſſenger
With our command, to th' Governor of the Fort,
He ſhould attend the King by the Water-gate
Leads to the Garden, we do purpoſe conference;
If *Ferdinand* wiſely conſent to break
The Magick that ſo chains his Heart to that
Idoll *Roſania*, wee'l be reconcil'd,
And Peace ſhall marry once agen our Hearts.

Enter Courtier.

Me thinks our Lords are cold in their attendance,
Where be our train of Ladies? —nay permit 'em,
A ſolitude becomes this ſullen Day.
And our own thoughts; methinks thou doſt not look
With thy own face upon me.
Vio. Not I Madam?
Que. My eyes have loſt their virtue, all I look on
Have not the ſhape and colour they preſented.
What whiſpers that? ha'?
Vio. Here was none Madam.

Que. I could be jealous of the Wind methinks,
And quarrell with the poſtures of thoſe very
Shapes i'th' Arras; fie *Olivia*, call home thy reaſon.
Court. O Madam!
Que. What horror's in that voice? I ſee a treaſon
In's looks.
Court. O Madam, I beſeech your pardon.
Que. Why? art a traitor?
Court. Not I, but there are practices I fear
Againſt your royal perſon; the Court gates
Are ſhut, all's in confuſion within,
And I could hear abroad loud acclamations
And triumph for the King, as he were new proclam'd.

Enter Captain.

Que. Which way comeſt thou?
Cap. Over the Wall Madam; the gates are ſhut,
I'l tell you news; young *Ferdinand* your Husband
Is in all ſtate attended, and proclam'd
King in his own right, he is prov'd to be
What he did firſt pretend himſelf, *Leandro*,
And all the Lords confirm't, the Governor
Hath given him up the Fort, the wiſe City
Her Keys, and every officer on's knees
Is praying and drinking the Kings health,
Que. Away, and let thy face be ſeen no more,
But when the fatall noiſe of fire, ſome blood,
Or buriall calls thee forth.
Capt. This my reward
For bringing news the King's alive? take heed,
Do not talk treaſon in your own defence, —hark

Enter (in ſtate) Rodriguez, Erneſto, Leandro, Ferdinand, (who takes the Throne) Attendants.

Que. From what an expectation am I falln!
Omnes. Long live *Ferdinand* King.

Ferd.

Ferd. We thank you; and will ſtudy to be worth
Your prayers and dutie; Madam, the Chancelor
Can cleer, and bring your faith to allow the wonder,
We are no Impoſtor now, nor need we borrow
A beam from you to make us ſhine, yet ſtill
You are our Colen, fair *Olivia*,

Enter Roſania and Ladies.

The Husband was a title long ſince due
To my *Roſania*, may it proſper here.
Our love and years grew up together, and
Our Souls by holy contract tied, when in
Alfonzo's Houſe, her Father, and my Guardian
(To whoſe truſt I was ſent an Infant by *Leandro*)
We plighted faith; it is no blemiſh
To fair *Olivia* ſtill to be a Virgin,
Though ſhe have loſt the Queen, ſhe is a Princeſs.
And hath now found a Kinſman, that ſhall ſtudy
What ſhall become his love, her blood, and honour.
Upon your Lip I print this fair aſſurance.

Roſa. And mine ſhall be to do you ſervice Madam.

Que. If this be true, you muſt command my dutie.

Ferd. We hear Prince *Leonario* is departed,
When he ſhall know the progreſs of our fortunes
Hee'l quit his Stars, that hid their golden Heads
To mock him with a ſmall Eclipſe, o' purpoſe
To light him with more glorie to his happineſs. *Soft Alarum*
Ha? what clamors that? the frightfull noiſe increaſes.

Enter firſt Guard.

Guard. Flie, and ſave your ſelves, the Fort's ſurpris'd
By the Prince of *Arragon*, whoſe troups have ſeiz'd the City, reeling with Wine, and careleſs of their ſtrength, in their joyes for you Sir.

Ferd. The Prince of *Arragon*? the fates cannot
Be ſo injuſt, ſo envious of our bleſſing,

To ſnatch it from us in a minute; ha?
Help, help, quarter. *Divers within cry.*
Ferd. They are i'th' Court already.
Leand. We are all undone,
Lets yield, and ask conditions honourable.
Ferd. Dye he, that dares but think ſo, yeeld? no, *Ferdinand*
Was here too late a Priſoner; let us ſell
Our lives at glorious rates, the Evening puts
A Maſk upon the horror, follow me. *Exit.*
Leand. To certain death; Ladies ſtay you, the danger
Will meet us here to ſoon, and yet your perſons
In honour challenge ſafety. *Ex. Lords.*
Que. Is there no end of my diſtractions?
Or hath my folly yet deſerv'd more vengeance?
Roſ. It cannot be Heaven will ſo ſoon deſtroy
The bleſſing it beſtow'd if thus you puniſh
Whom you advance, who will believe your gifts
Are more than flattery to betray our Peace?

Enter Leonario, Alfonſo, Ferdinand, (Priſoner,) Rodriguez, Erneſto, Souldiers.

Leon. This Ladie is my prize.
Que. How Sir, your prize?
Leon. Miſtake me not, ther's no diſhonour meant
Your perſon; yet I boldly may pronounce
You are, and muſt be mine. I am not ignorant
You are a Virgin all but name, be wiſe
As you are fair, and I forget what's paſt,
And take this ſatisfaction; if I meet
Contempt, where I with honour once more Court you,
You will create a flame ſhall never dye
But in the Kingdoms aſhes; you were mine
Firſt by your own election, ſeal'd above,
If I muſt loſe what Heaven beſtow'd upon me
The quarrell is not mine
But virtues, whoſe right Hand is arm'd with Juſtice!

Enter

Enter Captain.

Puniſh not where you owe your Heart, but let
Both our revenges meet in that Impoſtor;
I find your noble Soul return; Lord Generall
While I retire with this fair Queen whom not
One violent accent ſhall affright, much leſs
A rude attempt, take hence that counterfet,
And cut his Head off.

Roſ. O my deareſt Lord?

Leon. The reſt may if they pleaſe find mercy.

Capt. I were beſt be o' this ſide.

Leon. Away with him.

Ferd. Inſulting Prince, thou dareſt not.

Leon. How Sir, dare not?

Ferd. I ſaid it,
Thy better, being a King in my own right,
Without her charitie, proclam'd and juſtified,
By Birth a Prince.

Leand. All this is truth Sir.

Leon. You muſt not Cozen thus my faith, away;
Cut off his Head.

Alſon. Diſpatch you with the Queen,
Let me alone to make his Head ſecure.

Leand. Nay take mine too. I'l wait on him in death,
It ſhall begin my ſervice.

Roſ. Cruell Prince.

Que. What fate muſt I obey?

Roſ. My death will adde ſome lines
Unto thy bloody Chronicle; pray let us dy together.

Leon. You ſhall ſpeak, her ſentence Madam.

Que. She muſt live then.

Leon. To all we offer mercie, but to *Ferdinand*,
His doom is fixt; come Madam.

Que. Whither Sir?

Leon. I know the way to your Chappel, he that loves us
Make haſt, and bring the Prieſt.

Capt.

Capt. That's I, I know
Her Chaplains, they are my friends, and all good fellows.
Exit.

Ferd. Pray can you tell me, where, or what I am
Or what I muſt do next?

Alfon. Yes, you muſt dye.

Ferd. Let not that grieve you Gentlemen, 'tis nothing
To part with life, and if but my *Roſania* would not weep
Methinks I could ſhake off this duſt, and leap
To Immortality without a guide,
And in that cheerfull flight prepare the bleſt
With ſo much praiſe and wonder of thy virtue,
They ſhall be more in love with thee, than I,
And double all their prayers to bring thee to 'em.

Roſ. No, we will dye together.

Alf. You ſhall.

Ferd. How?

Alf. Both live, and love, and bleſs my age the witneſs.
D'ee know me?

Roſa. Father?

Ferd. Guardian.

Leand. *Alfonſo*, my noble Kinſman.

Alf. How joyes flow in my Heart, to ſee this conſtancy!

Ferd. How came you to be his?

Alf. I have deceiv'd the Prince, our forces are *Valentia's*,
Not *Arragons*, which he by Letters ſent for
In his revenge, but we met the Intelligence
And arriv'd ſooner, to pretend our ſelves
The Armie he expected; you ſhall know more hereafter.

Ferd. I want a knowledge where to begin my gratitude,
The joyes you bring are mighty, and overcome us.
O my *Roſania*?

Roſ. This was beyond hope.

Enter Captain.

Capt. So, ſo, 'tis done, he has mumbled up the ceremony;

A compendious Prieſt may do much in few words;
They are faſt enough; the Queen was wiſe to take him;
You are onely like to be a loſer Sir; they come.

Enter Leonario, Queen.

Alfon. All joyes to the Prince of *Arragon*, and the fair *Olivia*.

Leon. Why not the Queen *Olivia*?

Alfon. Not while this Gentleman's Head is on, believe it.

Leon. Where is *Mendoza*?

Alfon. Hid within this buſh——
But here's *Alfonſo* Generall of the Army
Sent from *Valentia* to aſſiſt King *Ferdinand*
To his native right.

Leon. Valentia?

Alfon. My Maſter having faild in his firſt aids
To *Ferdinand*, intended not ſit down
With ſo much loſs, but rais'd another Army,
Which in our march conſulted our ſecurity
By Intereeption of all paſſages;
Your meſſenger by a party was ſurpriz'd,
Him, ſtubborn to diſcover what he was,
Imperfect in his anſwer, we Interpreted
Some ſpie, and ſearching found your Letters fraught
With miſchief and revenge, theſe ſent to our King
We had command to haſten our deſign,
And ſteer our courſe by Sea to *Carthagena*,
How after we arriv'd, we gaind your faith
And purpoſes, Your highneſs knows.

Leon. Betrayd?

Alfon. Sir, be a Prince, and juſt to your own honour,
And having perfected your fair deſires
With her, we hope you will account your ſelf
Moſt happy that you miſt a power to ſerve
Further revenge upon a lawfull Prince,
My Soldiers will obey me now, although

To

To help your Marriage I appear'd no friend
To *Ferdinand.*
Leand. Who was the Prince preſerv'd
By me, and ſent an Infant to this Lord,
My noble Kinſman.
Alfon. Him I bred, till time
And ſtrength might arm him to return, and claim
His own.
Leon. *Leandro* denied this before.
Leand. To my diſhonour, 'twas a coward fear
To loſe my ſelf unprofitably
Leon. I apprehend with wonder.
Ferd. If you repent not love and our alliance,
She ſhall be worth your beſt embrace, and we
Forgetfull of your paſſion, entertain you
With all affection to our blood.
Leon. I meet it,
And ſatisfied in this ſtory, Joy I was
Prevented; I congratulate your Stars Sir;
Nor is this treaſure of leſs price to me
Than when her Temples were enchac'd with Empire.
Que. This love will give my ſoul another form.
Ferd. Our ſtorie hath been full of change, but love
Hath met a glorious victory, and tied
Our ſouls together with moſt firm embraces.
My Lord *Leandro* you ſhall to *Valentia*,
With our beſt thanks and greeting to the King;
His Armies charge is outs, beſide what elſe
We owe his Royall bountie. Once more welcome
Alfonſo now my Father, witneſs I
Preſerve my faith to my *Roſania*,
I hear the Prieſt call us to other rites,
His Altar doth expect another pair,
Make haſt to light his Tapers with thine eyes
And make our hearts each others Sacrifice.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

Epilogue, Captain.

Gentlemen,

I Am no Epilogue, I come to pray
You'd tell me your opinion of the Play,
Is the Plot current? may we truſt the wit
Without a Say-Maſter to autoriſe it?
Are the lines Sterling? do they hold conceit?
And every peece with your allowance, weight?
That when you come abroad, you'l not report
You are ſorry to have given white money for't?
So, ſo, I know your meaning, now pray tell
How did the action pleaſe ye, was it well?
How did King Stephen *do, and tother Prince?*
Enough, enough, I apprehend, and ſince
I am at queſtions w'ee, tell me faith
How do you like the Captain? ha? he ſaith,
I'l tell you, y'are my friends, none here, he knows,
I mean you o'the Gentry, t'whom he ows
No money, will enter a falſe action,
And let the reſt look too't, if there be one,
Among his City creditors, that dares,
He hath vow'd to preſs, and ſend him to the Wars.

FINIS.

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